

SONGS
FOR
SUNDAY
SCHOOLS
AND
SPECIAL
SERVICES

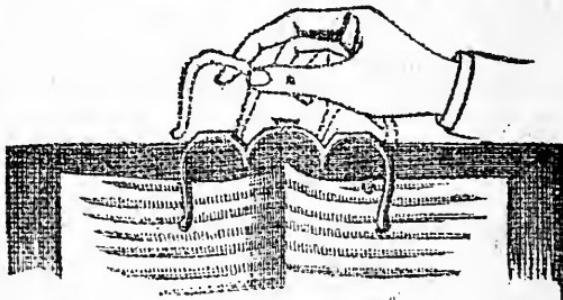
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Motion Songs.

Bright Songs.

Easy Songs.

“Catchy” Songs.



Sweet Songs.

Beautiful Songs.

“Singable” Songs.

Living Songs.

These are reduced pages from "Little Light."

HE MEANT ME.

ALICE STORRY

FELIX EDWARD.

1. When the Saviour said, "Let the children come," I believe that
2. When the Saviour said, "Now con-vert-ed be," I believe that
3. When the Saviour said, "I will crown my two," I believe that

He meant me; For of such are they in the heav'nly home, I be-
He meant me; For of such as they shall the kingdom see, I be-
He meant me; When the heav'nly choir sing around the throne, I be-

Amensc.

I believe that He meant me.
I believe that He meant me;
When He took them in His
arms, To His bosom they were borne, I believe that He meant me.

24 TOILING ON.

A. L. BROWN. CHARLES D. TILLER.

1. Like the servants in the vineyard, Toiling on, toiling on;
2. We will work and fail - for we are toiling on;
3. Then when earthly life is said and done, We'll go home, we'll go home.

Locking for the sheaves un-harvested, Toiling on, toiling on.
In the service of the Master, Toiling on, toiling on.
To receive the "royal welcome, Round the streets, round the streets,

Soon the evening shades will come, twilight's dewy shadows fall; We must

work while day is given, Work all obey the Master's

call; Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on (toiling on).

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SAM JONES' OPINION

of THE REVIVAL No. 2 after using it in the great Jones & Stuart Atlanta meeting in which over two thousand copies were sold:

"These songs go and they carry the people with them Gospel principles and power, music and melody combined I know of no better song book extant."

SAM P. JONES.

March, 1896.

|
See 190-194

JUN 18 1921

THE CLASSICAL SERIES

THE REVIVAL No. 2.

No. 1.

"OLD TIME POWER."

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Musical score for "Old Time Power" No. 1, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. { They were gathered in an upper chamber, They were all with one accord; }
2. { When the Ho - ly Ghost descended, Which was promised by our Lord. }
2. { This power from heaven descended, As the sound of rushing wind; }
3. { Tongues of fire rested there upon them, Jesus promised He would send. }
3. { Our fathers had this "old time" power, And we all may have it too; }
3. { This He promised to the faithful, What He's promised He will do. }

Musical score for "Old Time Power" No. 1, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

CHORUS.

Musical score for the chorus of "Old Time Power" No. 1, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

O Lord; send the power just now, O Lord; send the power just now,

Musical score for the chorus of "Old Time Power" No. 1, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

O Lord; send the power just now And baptize ev - 'ry one.

Musical score for the chorus of "Old Time Power" No. 1, featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

No. 2.

LOVE FOUND ME.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by H. L. G.

1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me, My fainting soul was
 2. The Spirit roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
 3. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me, For saving from an
 4. And when I reach the gold paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a-dor-ing

tempest tossed, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me,
 strong and deep, Love found me, Al-tho' I long withstood His grace, Love found me,
 end-less death, Love found me, Christ is my ad-vo-cate a-bove, Love found me,
 at His feet, Love found me, And sing hosannas round the throne, Love found me,

CHORUS.

Come, weary, heavy laden, rest, Love found me. Oh 'twas love, love.
 He woed me to His kind embrace, Love found me.
 I'm yoked to Him in perfect love, Love found me.
 Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love

Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

No. 3.

EVER BE FAITHFUL.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Ev - er to Je - sus be faith - ful and true, He has been ten - der and
 2. Hon - or the Mas - ter by do - ing His will, Love Him, and all His com -
 3. Cling un - to Je - sus, thy Strength and thy Might, Cling in the darkness, and

faith - ful to you; Fol - low Him dai - ly what-ev - er be - tide,
 man - dments ful - fill; And as you jour - ney life's pil - grimage through,
 cling in the light, Hon - or His name in what-ev - er you do,

CHORUS.

Fol - low your Lead - er and Guide. Ev - - - er be
 Ev - er be faith - ful and true. Ev - - - er be
 Ev - er be faith - ful and true. Ev - er be faithful and

faith - ful, Ev - - - er be faith - ful,
 ev - er be true, Ev - - - er be faith - ful, and ev - er be true,

Ev - - - er be faith - ful, Ev - - - er be true.
 He has been tender and faithful to you, Ev - er be faithful and true.

No. 4.

War Cry.

THE JUDGMENT.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,



1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morn - ing Had dawned, and the
 2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt - ed and
 3. The wid-ow was there and the or - phans, God heard and re-
 4. The mor-al man came to the judg-ment, But his self - righteous



trumpet had blown; I dreamed that the na-tions had gath - ered To
 vanished a - way, A pa - per he stood in the judg-ment, His
 membered their cries; No sor - row in heav-en for - ev - er, God
 rags would not do; The men who had eru - ei - fied Je - sus, Had



judgment be-fore the white throne. From the throne came a bright shining
 debts were too heavy to pay. The great man was there, but his
 wiped all the tears from their eyes. The gam-blер was there and the
 passed off as mor-al men too. The souls that had put off sal-



an - gel And stood on the land and the sea, And
 greatness When death came was left far be - hind, The
 drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink, With the
 va - tion—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by-and - bye; No



THE JUDGMENT. Concluded.

said with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no long-er to
an - gel that o-pened the rec - ords, Not a trace of his greatness could
peo - ple who gave him the li - cense—To - geth-er in hell they did
time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to

be.
find.
sink.
die.
And oh, what a weep - ing and wail - ing When the

lost ones were told of their fate; They cried for the

rocks and the moun-tains, They prayed, but their pray'rs were too late

No. 5.

HE WAITS FOR THEE.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves are for the upper voice, and the last two staves are for the lower voice. The lyrics are as follows:

Up - on the great high-ways thou standest wea - ry,
The hopes of earth-life oft - en fade and fail thee,

waea - ry, standest weary,
fail thee, fade and fail thee,

Thou cri - est ev - er-more "A-lone and drear
Thou hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail y,"
thee,

drear-y, lone and dreary,
sail thee, foes as - sail thee,

And wilt not un-der-stand that there so near
And when the night shall come, oh, who will guide thee,
thee,

near thee, there so near thee,
guide thee, who will guide thee,

The Saviour waits to love, and bless, and cheer
If thou dost still re - fuse thy Friend beside thee.
thee?

cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.
side thee, Friend be-side thee?

HE WAITS FOR THEE. Concluded.



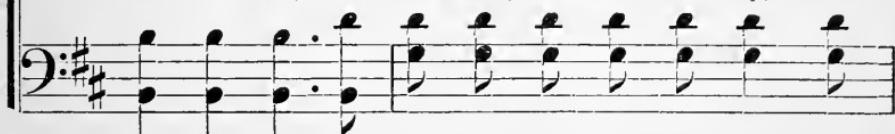
*He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vis - ion Is
In Him is strength, in Him di - vine comi-pas - sion, He



turned a - way from hope and light e - lys - ian, Thou
chang - es not, tho' things of earth-ly fash - ion Grow



wilt not see that 'tis for thee He car - eth, For
old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea - ry, And



thee, for thee the heav-y cross He bear - - - eth.
thou shalt nev-er more be lone and drear - - - y.



the heav-y cross He bear-eth.
and drear-y, lone and drear-y.

* May be repeated to the end for chorus.

No. 6. I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE.

Arr. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET. Tenor and Sop.

1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor way-far-ing child, With-
2. Oh, "Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer - cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a - bused, Who

in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear op -
will," a voice re-plied; And Mer-cy let me in; She bound my
oft-en sought my heart; And wept when I re - fused; Oh, what a

pressed my soul, That I might be too late, And oh, I troubled sore,
bleed -ing wounds, And soothed my heart oppressed, She washed away my guilt,
blest re - turn For all my years of 'sin! I stood out-side the gate

CHORUS.

And pray'd without the gate.
And gave me peace and rest. Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is
And Je - sus let me in.

call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing; O-pen wide your heart and let Him in.

No. 7.

SCATTER SUNSHINE.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest actions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re-

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row,
pin - ing, With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt-ed,

You can all be-stow, If you scatter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.
You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

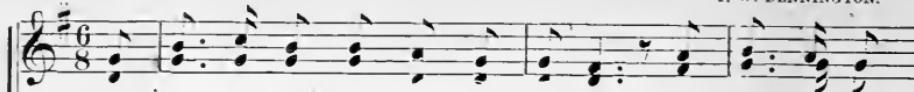
Scat - - ter sunshine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and o-ver the way,

bright-en Ev'-ry pass-ing day, . . . Ev'-ry pass-ing day.

No. 8. Steer Straight to the Light-House.

T. W. D.

T. W. DENNINGTON.



1. Say where are you go - ing, my broth-er, Up - on the broad
2. Be sure that the Sav-iour is with thee Where-ev - er thy
3. Look not on the lamps that burn dim-ly; But look to the



o - cean of time? Are you bound for the land of the bless-ed,
life boat may go, Should you take your life journey without Him,
light of God's love: Look not on the wrecks by the sea-shore,



CHORUS.



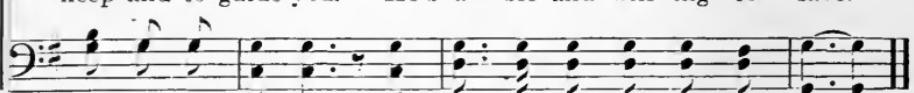
A home in fair Canaan's bright clime?
You'll sink 'neath the billows of woe. Steer straight to the light-house, my
But look to the light-house a - bove.



broth-er, There's dan-ger up - on the dark wave, Ask Je-sus to



keep and to guide you. He's a - ble and will-ing to save.



No. 9.

WHOSOEVER CALLETH.

H. H. S.

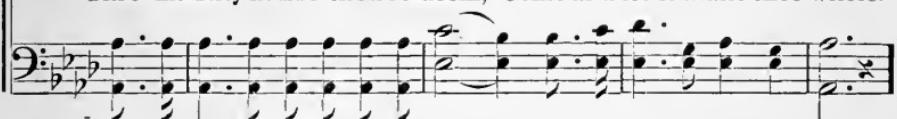
HAMP. H. SEWELL.



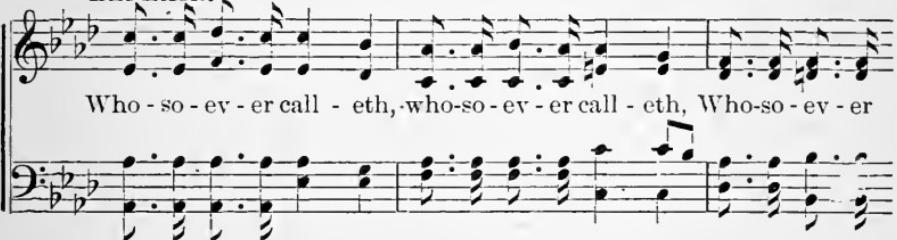
1. Who-so-ev-er calleth on the Lord Hath a promise thro' His name.
2. Who-so-ev-er calleth on the Lord By your faith ye shall receive,
3. Sinner, hear His message, 'tis for thee, Hear Him pleading for thy soul;



And e-ter-nal life shall thus be giv'n, Let us now His praise proclaim,
In His name all those who will may come, Sin-ner why not now believe?
Thro' His mercy He did'st thou re-deem, Come and let it make thee whole.



REFRAIN.



Who - so - ev - er call - eth, who-so - ev - er call - eth, Who-so - ev - er



calleth on His name shall be saved, Who-so-ev-er calleth, Who-so - ev - er



call - eth, Who-so-ev - er call-eth on His name shall be saved.



No. 10.

ONLY A DRUNKARD.

To Miss Clara Parrish, National Organizer of the Y. W. C. T. U.

A. O. B.

A. OSCAR BROWNE.

1. It was on - ly a drunkard that fell on the snow, But
 2. Ah! then pick him up ten-der-ly, leave him not there, For
 3. For he has a heart and around it may twine The
 4. For her cry to her God for the child that He gave Is

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is bass clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is piano, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns.

he's . . . somebody's darling I'd have you to know; Ah,
 the heart-less to laugh at the sin - ful to jeer; Take
 love . . . of a moth-er as ten-der as thine, She
 "spare . . . him, oh, spare from a poor drunkard's grave," The

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is bass clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is piano, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns.

leave him not there To suf - fer and die, Look on the poor fellow and
 him to his mother, She'll bless you I know, Tho' 'twas only a drunkard that
 clings to her darling Tho' he causeth her grief, And tears for her child seem her
 grief of such mothers God on - ly can know, He pities these drunkards that

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is bass clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is piano, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line concludes with a series of six eighth-note slurs. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns, with a dynamic marking 'Rit.' appearing above the piano staff.

ONLY A DRUNKARD. Concluded.

A tempo.

pass him not by; Ah, leave him not there To suf - fer and
 fell on the snow; Take him to his mother, She will bless you I
 on ly re - lief; She clings to her darling, Tho' he causeth her
 fall in the snow; The grief of such mothers God on - ly can

A tempo.

die, Look on the poor fel - low and pass him not by. . . .
 know, Tho' 'twas on - ly a drunkard that fell on the snow. . . .
 grief, And tears for her child seem her on ly re - lief. . . .
 know, He pit - ies these drunkards that fall (*Omit.*)

Rit.

Ending for last verse.

in the snow. . . .

Cres. Dim.

No. 11. THE WEDDING GARMENT.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta - tion, To the
 2. Are you read - y for His com - ing, Be it
 3. Will His smile to you be giv - en, And His
 4. Put ye on what He has giv - en, Bless-ed

mar-riage of the Son? Have you on the wedding gar-ment,
 morn-ing, noon or night? Will your rai - ment bear in-spec - tion,
 words bring joy for aye? Or will He look once up - on you,
 robe of righteous-ness, Then re - joice at His ap-pear - ing,

CHORUS

That the King pro - vides each one?
 And be pleas-ing in His sight? Have you on the wedding
 And for - ev - er turn a - way?
 For He comes your soul to bless.

gar - ment! Spot - less robe of pur - i - ty? Have you

on the wedding gar-ment That the King de - lights to see.

No. 12. SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead-ed In ag - o -
 2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe-
 3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Perhaps your
 4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith begin to fail, is hope de-
 ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
 part is not yet whol-ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
 firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storms she stands un -

part-ing, And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the
 ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
 ut-tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
 daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the loud-est thun-der shock. She knows Om-

Fa-ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire sometime, some-
 passed since then, do not de-spair; The Lord will answer you sometime, some-
 keep the in-cense burn-ing there, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, some-
 nipp-o-tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some -

Rit.

ad lib.

where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some - where.
 where, The Lord will an - swer you some-time, some - where.
 where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some - where.
 where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some - where.

No. 13. MARCHING TO VICTORY.

Rev. G. A. LE CLAIRE.

O. E. MATTOX.



1. Marching a - long in glo-rious tri-umph in the arm - y of the Lord,
2. Onward we're marching fight-ing sin on ev - 'ry bat-tle-field of life
3. Then in the res - ur - rec-tion morn-ing when the earth gives up its dead



On our ban - ner is in-scribed in gold, His ev - er - last - ing word;
Foes with-in and foes with-out, con-tend - ing with us in the strife;
We shall march in glo-rious tri-umph, with our ev - er liv - ing head;



Bless-ed as-sur-ance that He gives us as He sends us on our way;
Cour-age my broth-er, do not fal - ter, it is Sa - tan we're to fight;
Then will our Cap-tain be our Judge who knew our moral worth before;



CHORUS.



"Ye shall conquer, I'll be with you in the fray."
Je - sus is our Captain, conquer in His might. We are marching on in
We will wave the Palm of Vic'try ev-er-more.



triумph in the arm-y of the Lord, Cour-age broth-er, do not fal-ter by the



MARCHING TO VICTORY. Concluded.

way, For our Captain gone before bids us nev - er be dismay'd,
He assures us vie - t'ry shall not be de - layed.
not be delayed.

No. 14. I CAN, I WILL.

1. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart.
2. Scat-ter thy life thro' ev - ry part, Scat-ter thy life thro' ev'ry part,
3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall.
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for Thee, I call, Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,

Cho. No. 1. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do believe,
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneeling at the mer - ey seat, I'm kneeling at the merey seat,

Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lum - mi-nate my soul.
Seat-ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sane - ti - fy the whole
Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins eon - sume
Come, Holy, Ghost, for Thee I 'call, Spir - it of burn - ing, con

I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.
I'm kneeling at the mer - ey seat, Where Je-sus an - swers pray'r.

No. 15. BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER.

Dedicated to R. F. KILGORE.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The light of the word shines brighter and brighter As wid - er and
2. The wealth of this world seems poorer and poor-er, As farther and
3. My wait-ing on Je-sus is dear-er and dear-er, As long-er and
4. My joy in my Sav-iour is growing and growing, And stronger and

wid - er God o-pens mine eyes; My tri - als and bur-dens seem
far - ther it fades frem my sight; The prize of my call - ing seems
long - er I lie on His breast; Without Him I'm noth-ing seems
stronger I trust in His Word; My peace like a riv - er is

light-er and light-er, And fair - er and fair - er the heav-en - ly prize.
sur - er and sur - er, As straighter and straighter I walk in the light.
clear-er and clear-er, And more and more sweetly in Je-sus I rest.
flow-ing and flow-ing, And hard-er and hard-er I lean on the Lord.

CHORUS.

This won - - - der - ful sto - - - ry I'm
This won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry I'm tell - ing, I'm

tell - - - ing and tell - - - ing, And more . . . and more
tell - ing of Je-sus, I tell of His love, And more and more sweetly I

BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER. Concluded.

sweet - ly I rest . . . in His love, (in His love.)
rest in His love, And more and more sweetly I rest in His love.

No. 16. DOWN AT CALVARY'S FOUNTAIN.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. I'm redeem'd and washed from sin, Down at Cal-v'ry's foun-tain,
2. Joy I find be-yond compare, Down at Cal-v'ry's foun-tain,
3. Bur-dens great are rolled a-way, Down at Cal-v'ry's foun-tain,
4. Per-fect peace the Lord has giv'n, Down at Cal-v'ry's foun-tain,

There the cleans-ing tide comes in, Down at Cal - v'ry's foun-tain.
Je - sus comes and meets me there. Down at Cal - v'ry's foun-tain.
Strife with self all ceased for aye. Down at Cal - v'ry's foun-tain.
Peace and rest like that of heav'n, Down at Cal - v'ry's foun-tain.

CHORUS.

There is cleans-ing in the tide As it flows from Calv'ry's side,
To my heart it is ap-plied, Down at Cal - v'ry's foun-tain.

There is cleans-ing in the tide As it flows from Calv'ry's side,
To my heart it is ap-plied, Down at Cal - v'ry's foun-tain.

No. 17.

THE HEALED PINION.

J. R. B.

SOLO.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. There's a song of a bro - ken pin - ion, Of a bird that loved to
2. There is ma - ny a life that's bro-ken, By the sin of drink or
3. 'Tis the life of the bro - ken heart-ed, That the Sav-iour dothgladly

A musical score for a solo voice. The top staff is in treble clef, B-flat key signature, and common time (6/8). The bottom staff is in bass clef, B-flat key signature, and common time (6/8). The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

sing, And the air was its do - min - ion, Till it
 shame, With the Saviour they once were walk - ing, Till the
 heal, To them of a con - trite spir - it, The

A musical score for a solo voice. The top staff is in treble clef, B-flat key signature, and common time (6/8). The bottom staff is in bass clef, B-flat key signature, and common time (6/8). The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

chanced to break its wing.
 tempter their faith o'er-came,
 Lord will His love re - veal,

And it lay on a bed of
 In deep-est de - spair now
 Oh, come and your sins for-

A musical score for a solo voice. The top staff is in treble clef, B-flat key signature, and common time (6/8). The bottom staff is in bass clef, B-flat key signature, and common time (6/8). The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

THE HEALED PINION. Concluded.

moss - es, All help-less and faint with pain, But 'twas
wail - ing, With no one to soothe their pain, Go
giv - en, The Sav-iour with you will reign, He'll re -

heal'd a-gain each morn-ing It would soar with its same sweet strain.
bring them to Him who heal-eth, That they may be whole a - gain.
store the joys de - part - ed, And will take you back a - gain.

CHORUS.

Then come . . . to the Saviour, No matter how great thy sin, . . .
Then come, yes, come to the Saviour, No matter how great, how great thy sin,

He can heal the bro-ken pin-ion Of those who would soar a - gain.

No. 18. I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE.

P. H. DINGMAN.

(Dedicated to H. E. A.)

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall

Sav-iour in mer-cy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and sor-row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so pre-cious spoke welcome, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath-er, re-

now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to Him the praise shall be, pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control, in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me, joicing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for evermore.

CHORUS.

I will shout His praise in glo-ry, . . . And we'll
So will I, so will I,

all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in

I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE. Concluded.

glo-ry, And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,

No. 19.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

From "The Garner," by per.

Melody by J. H. STOCKTON.

Har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on-ly break,
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;

Oh, bring Thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!

D.S. bring Thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am; . . . Oh,
Take me as I am, Take me as I am;

5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

No. 20. KEEP US IN THY FOLD.

GEO. W. LYON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



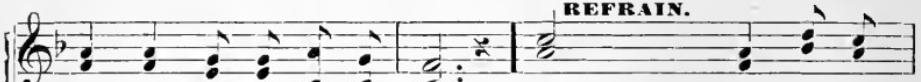
1. Gen - tle Shepherd keeps us in Thy fold, With Thy kind embrace, in this
2. Sav - iour, let Thy truth now light our way, Be a lamp so bright to dis-
3. Sav - iour 'neath the banner of Thy love, To each one re-peat, 'till a-



heav'ly place, Give to us that peace of mind un - told, And to
pel our night, Be a guide to us we hum-bly pray, And with-
gain we meet; Bath - ings from that sa-cred fount a - bove, 'Till a-



REFRAIN.



us im - part Thy heav'ly grace. Sav - iour, gen - tle
hold us in Thy pow'rful might. Saviour, gen-tle Sav - iour,
round Thy throne we stand complete. Saviour, gen-tle Sav - iour,



Sav - iour, Let us ev-er in Thy fold a - bide, Nev-
Saviour, gentle Saviour, Never let us



er, let us nev - er, Wan - der from Thy blessed side.
leave Thee, nev-er let us leave, nor



No. 21. I ONLY KNOW IT REACHES ME.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace, To all the world He offers free;
2. I know not why such sav-ing faith As this could ev-er, ev-er be,
3. I know not why the Spir - it comes A witness in my soul to be;
4. I know not why these gifts to man, Or what in man the Lord could see;

Nor why His love shall nev-er cease, I on - ly know it reaches me.
Bestowed on one of lit - tle worth, I on - ly know it reaches me.
To wit - ness to the cleans-ing pow'r, I on - ly know it reaches me.
To move Him seal, such bounte-ous grace, I on - ly know it reaches me.

CHORUS.

It reach-es me, it reach-es me,
It reach-es me, it reach-es me,

God's grace so wondrous reaches me, I know not why it is so
I know not why

free (it is so free,) I on - ly know it reach-es me, (it reaches me.)

No. 22. O LET THE CURRENT IN.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



1. My broth-er, there's a fountain, That cleanses from all sin,
2. The Sav-iour now is plead-ing, He died your soul to win,
3. The stream from Calv'ry's mountain Will pu - ri - fy with - in,



Then throw the heart's door o - pen, And let its cur - rent in.
He set the stream a flow - ing, O let its cur - rent in.
Give bless-ed rest and com-fort, O let its cur - rent in.



CHORUS.



O let the cur - rent in, 'Twill free your heart from sin,
Last Chorus.
I've let the cur - rent in, And I am freed from sin,



From Je - sus' side 'tis flow - ing, O let the cur-rent in.
Oh! glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, I've let the cur-rent in.



No. 23.

I AM RESOLVED

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith - ful and
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the
 5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with -

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en to Him
 He bath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in.
 We'll walk the heav'ny way. I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

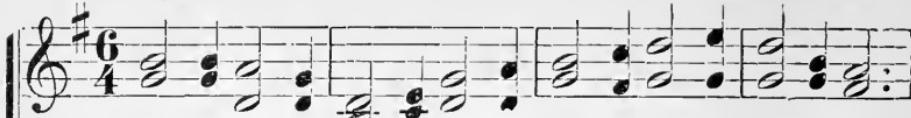
Je - sus, great - est, high - est. I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

No. 24.

FILL ME NOW.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Hover o'er me, Ho - ly Spir-it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa-cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;



FINE.



Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, divine, e - ter - nal Spir - it. Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweetly fill- ing now.



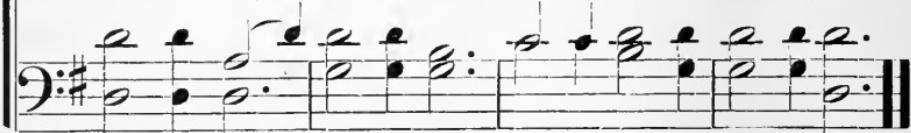
D. S. Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come, and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now.



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No. 25. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



- 1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod:
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Cro.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

ROBERT LOWRY.

No. 26. What Will it Matter By and By?

J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. What will it mat - ter by and by, Wheth-er my path be -
2. What will it mat - ter by and by, Wheth-er my bur-den
3. What will it mat - ter by and by, Wheth-er to me much
4. What will it mat - ter by and by, Wheth-er with friends my

low was bright? Whether 'twas stones within the way, Or strewn with
here was light? Whether with cares of life bow'd down, Or blest with
good was sent? Whether in tri - al sore dis - may, Or in re-
life was spent? Whether in for - eign lands my call, Whether in

- ro - ses bright and gay, What will it mat - ter by and by?
joys of bright re-nown, What will it mat - ter by and by?
joic - ing ev - 'ry day, What will it mat - ter by and by?
heath-en hands I fall, What will it mat - ter by and by?

REFRAIN.

What will it matter? What will it matter? What will it matter by and by?

No. 27. DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Ah, ma-ny hearts are ach-ing, We find them ev - 'ry-where,
2. One day, my precious comrade, You, too, were lost in sin:
3. So let us keep it burn-ing, The lamp of ho - ly love,

Whose cups are filled with sor-row, Whose homes are filled with care;
But oth-ers sought your res-cue, And Je-sus took you in;
To ev - 'ry per - se - cu - tor, Point out the way a - bove;

When mis-for-tune o-ver-takes them, The world gives them a cuff,
So, when you're tried and tempted, By the scoffer's keen rebuff,
The pre-cious blood of Je - sus Was shed for that poor tough,

Or sends them to per - di-tion, Those diamonds in the rough.
Don't turn a - way in an-ger, He's a dia-mond in the rough.
Oh, let us tell him of it, That dia-mond in the rough.

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH. Concluded.

CHORUS.



The day will soon be o - ver, In which to work and win,



Ma - ny a gem lies hid-den Be-neth the dross of sin,



Oh, let us dig and find them! God's power is e-nough



To pol - ish in - to beau-ty Those diamonds in the rough.



No. 28. When I Get to the End of the Way.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The sands have been washed in the footprints of the stranger - on
 2. There are so many hills to climb up-ward, I oft - en am
 3. He loves me to well to for - sake me Or give me one
 4. When the last feeble step has been tak - en And the gates of that

D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the
 Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the

Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough bil - low
 longing for rest, But He who ap-points me my pathway,
 tri - al too much, All His peo - ple have been dear - y purchased,
 cit - y ap - pear And the beau-ti - ful songs of the an - gels

end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem nothing.
 end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,

FINE.

Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
 Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
 And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
 Float out on my list - en-ing ear. When all that now seems

When I get to the end of the way.
 When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.
 lone Gal - i - lee - an With joy I will fol - low to - day.
 word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."
 see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un-end-ing day.
 so mys - te - ri - ous Will be bright and as clear as the day.

No. 29. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

Arr. by J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE. By per.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je-sus blood, I am
2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light Now up-holds me by His might, And His
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless-ed for me wait, Where the
4. Burst are all my pris-on bars, And I soar be-yond the stars, To my

watching and I'm longing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I'll fly, To a
arms en-fold and com-fort while I wait; I am lean-ing on His breast; Oh, the
wea-ry work-ers rest for ev-er-more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the
Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest estate; Lo! the morn e-ter-nal breaks, And the

D.S. *In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Wash'd from*

home be-yond the sky. To my wel-come, as I'm sweep-ing thro' the
sweet-ness of this rest! Hal-le-lu-jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the
crown of life is won. Oh, the glo-ry of that eit-y just be-
song im-mor-tal wakes, Wash'd in Je-sus' blood, I'm sweep-ing thro'

ev-'ry stain I am, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the
FINE. CHORUS.

gates. Sweep ing thro' the gates,
gates. fore! Sweep ing thro' the gates;
gates. fore! Sweep ing thro' the gates;

Sweeping thro' the gates; Yes, I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates;

gates.

D.S.

Sweep ing thro' the gates; Sweep ing thro' the gates; Yes, I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

No. 30. TOILING NOW, RESTING THEN.

Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I have work e-nough to do, In a field that's ev-er new, While I'm
2. There's a sto-ry to re-peat That is ev-er new and sweet, While I'm
3. Now I walk the liv-ing way, I have Je-sus for my stay, While I'm
4. I'll have Je-sus by my side, When I cross the storm-y tide, When done

toil-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. I can nev-er wea-ry grow, For His
toil-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. 'Tis of Je-sus and His love, Sung by
toil-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. In this bless-ed gos-pel light, Love my
toil-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. There His glo-ry I shall see, In His

love I on-ly know, While I'm toil-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord.
flam-ing tongues a-bove, While I'm toil-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord.
Sav-iour and the right, While I'm toil-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord.
like-ness I shall be, When done toil-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord.

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3. Toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Ev-'ry day, Him o-beay. Should the
4. Rest-ing, rest-ing, resting with the Mas-ter, While the song Rolls a-long, Oh, the

way seem-ough and long, I can cheer it with a song While I'm toiling in the vine-
joy shall never cease, For His glory shall increase, While I'm resting in the pres-ence of the Lord

No. 31. SINCE TO MY HEART JESUS CAME.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. I have been saved from the pow'r of sin; Since to my
2. Rest I have found from the cares of life, Since to my
3. Things of this world I de - sire no more, Since to my
4. I am led safe - ly from day to day, Since to my

heart Je - sus came, Washed at the fount-ain made white and clean,
heart Je - sus came, Par - don and peace, af - ter wea - ry strife,
heart Je - sus came, Bur - dens are lift - ed that once I bore;
heart Je - sus came, Glad - ly I walk in the nar - row way,

CHORUS.

Since to my heart Je - sus came. Earth is so fair, and the

sky is so bright, Troubles are scat-tered and toil seems so light;

Safe-ly I'm kept thro' His love and His might, Since to my heart Je-sus came.

No. 32.

THERE'S WORK TO DO.

GEO. W. LYON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Why stand ye i - dle all the day? There's something you can do;
2. Don't say you are too young or old, Un - fit and bus-y too,
3. Be up and do - ing for the Lord, And to His cause be true,



The field is wide, the lab'wers scarce, And there is work for you.
There is no need for such ex-cuse, And it is naught to you.
He waits with open hands to bless, For all the work you do.



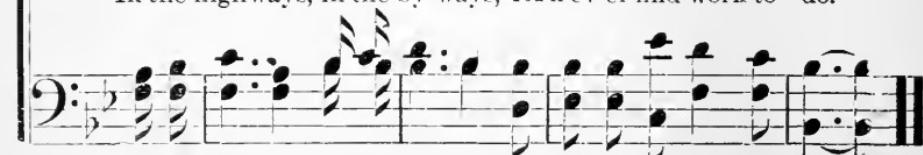
CHORUS.



There's work, . . . yes, work, . . . There's work e-nough for you,
There's work for you, yes, work to do,



In the highways, in the by-ways, You'll ev-er find work to do.



No. 33. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. There's an o-pen fountain at the cross, I have plunged beneath its flow,
 2. I have gained a blessed vic-to-ry, Since the cleansing tide came in,
 3. I have found a joy in Je-sus' love, Like a taste of heav'nly rest,

Since the crimson current o'er me rolled, I am washed as white as snow.
 With my Saviour walking by my side I have conquered self and sin.
 I am leaning hard the whole day long On His kind and shelt'ring breast.

CHORUS.

There is won - drous pow'r in the Sav - iour's blood,
 wondrous pow'r, wondrous pow'r in the blood, in the blood,

To my heart ap - plied 'Tis a precious heal - ing flood.
 To my heart now ap - plied

No. 34.

LEAVE IT TO HIM.

J. E. RANKIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why go around with troubled soul? There's One that makes the wounded whole;
 2. How-ev-er man thy lot may slight, He'll turn to day thy darkest night,
 3. How-ev-er dark thy path may be, Dark and un-scruta-ble to thee,
 4. Sure He who sets the mountain fast, When all earth's clouds are driven past,

Up - on the Lord thy burden roll;—Leave it to Him, leave it to
 And flood from heav'n thy path with light,
 He rules on high your des-ti-ny,—
 Will jus - ti - fy His ways at last, Leave it to Him,

CHORUS.

Him. . . . Leave it to Him . . . who knoweth all, . . .
 leave it to Him. . . . leave it to Him, . . . leave it to Him,

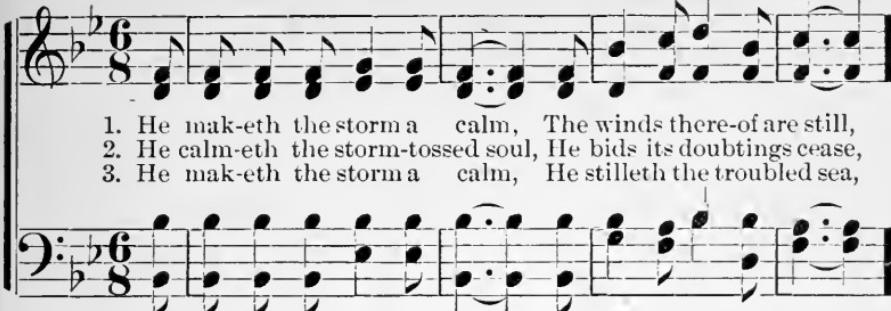
Him who marks . . . the sparrow's fall, . . . Who lis-tens to the
 Leave it to Him who marks the sparrow's fall,

ra-v'en's call, Leave it to Him, leave it to Him. . . .
 Leave it to Him, leave it to Him.

No. 35. HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM.

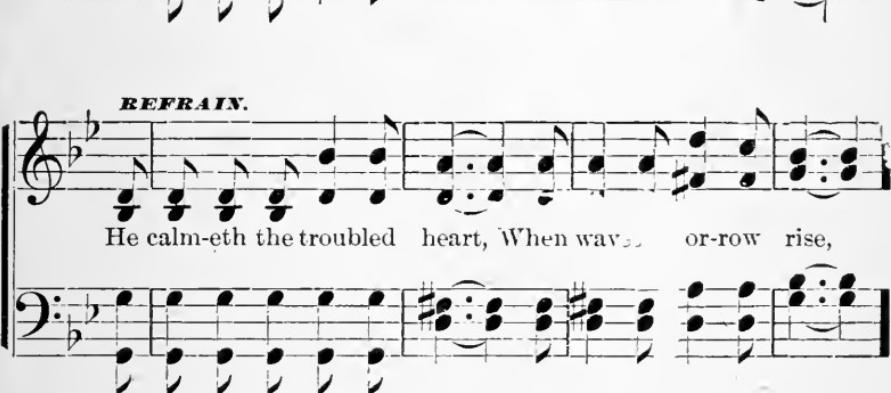
IDA L. REED.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

- 
1. He mak-eth the storm a calm, The winds there-of are still,
 2. He calm-eth the storm-tossed soul, He bids its doubtings cease,
 3. He mak-eth the storm a calm, He stilleth the troubled sea,

He speaketh and they are hush'd, All things o - bey His will.
Tho' wildly the bil-lows roll His word brings to thee peace.
No tem-pest can us o'er-whelm, Our ref - uge He will be.

REFRAIN.



He calm-eth the troubled heart, When wav-es or-row rise,



He bid-deth our griefs de - part, He dries our tear-ful eyes.

No. 36.

CITY OF GOLD.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 22. 15.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a city that looks o'er the valley of death, And its glories can
 2. There the King, our Redeemer, the Lord whom we love, All the faithful with
 3. Ev'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev'ry lamb we have

nev - er be told; There the sun never sets, and the leaves never fade,
 rapture behold; There the righteous forever shall shine as the stars,
 brought to the fold, Shall be kept as bright jewels our crowns to a-dorn,

D. S.—And the eyes of the faithful our Saviour behold,

CHORUS.

FINE.

In that beau-ti-ful eit-y of Gold. There the sun, nev-er
 In that beau-ti-ful eit-y of Gold. there the sun,

In that beau-ti-ful eit-y of Gold.

D. S.

sets, and the leaves nev-er fade;
 never sets, and the leaves nev-er fade.

No. 37. SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.



1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless-ed wave their hands;
3. There, let go the an-chor, rid-ing On this calm and sil-v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temptation; All the storms of life are past;



And the liv - ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 • Hear the harps of God resound-ing, From the bright immor-tal bands.
 Sea-ward fast the tide is glid-ing, Shores in sun-light glide a - way.
 Praise the Rock of our sal - va-tion, We are safe at home at last.



CHORUS.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more When on that e-ter - nal shore;



Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail.



No. 38.

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, etc.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrin ^lI move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 39.

TO THE CROSS.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. To the cross, Christian soldiers, Press the battle for the Lord,
 2. To the cross, Christian soldiers, Hear the blessed Saviour's voice,
 3. To the cross, Christian soldiers, To the con-flict we must go,

To the cross! . . . to the cross! . . .
 To the cross! . . . to the cross! . . .
 With the cross, . . . with the cross, . . .
 we will fly, live or die.

For our sword, and our ar-mour We will take our Saviour's word,
 "Leave the world far be-hind thee Make me now thine only choice,"
 In His name press the bat-tle, Till we con-quer ev'-ry foe,

To the cross, . . . we'll haste a - way.
 To the cross, . . . oh, haste a - way.
 At the cross, . . . we'll ev - er stay.
 To the cross we'll haste a - way, (we'll haste away.)

TO THE CROSS Concluded.

REFRAIN.

To the cross, . . . we'll haste a - way,
To the cross, we'll haste a - way,

Chris-tian sol - diers don't de - lay,
Chris-tian sol-diers don't de - lay,

Live or die in its glo-ry we will here for - ev - er stay,

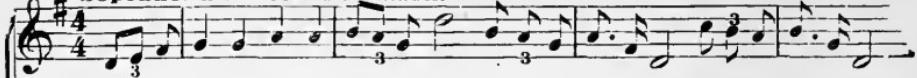
At the cross, . . . yes, at the cross.
At the cross, yes, at the cross.

No. 40. MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE.

MRS. W. W. SAVAGE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Sopranos and Altos in Unison.



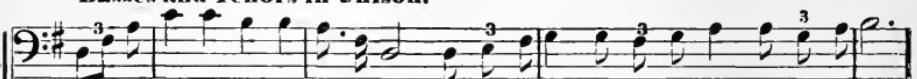
1. We are marching to a land above, Beautiful land above, beautiful land above;
2. We are marching toward the city fair, Beautiful city fair, beautiful city fair;
3. We are marching to the home of God, Beautiful home of God, beautiful home of God,



To a land where dwells eternal love, The beautiful land a-bove.
Where the angel anthems fill the air, The beautiful cit - y fair.
And our guide-book is his ho - ly word, The beautiful word of God.



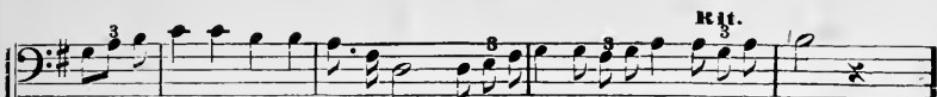
Basses and Tenors in Unison.



And we sing a glad triumphant song, Marching along, marching along, marching a-long;



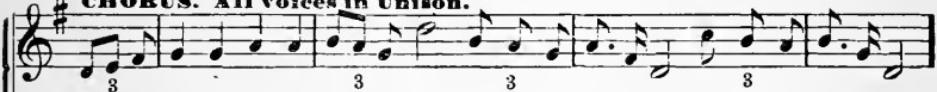
Marching to the Land Above. Concluded.



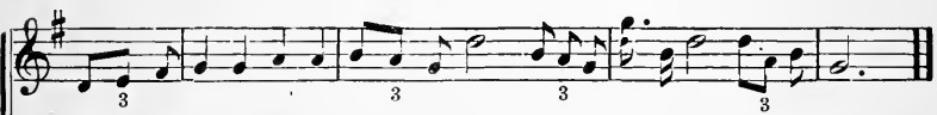
While our glorious Captain leads us on, Marching along, marching along, marching along.



CHORUS. All voices in Unison.



We are marching to a land above, Beautiful land above, beautiful land a-bove;
We are marching toward the city fair, Beautiful city fair, beauti-ful cit-y fair;
We are marching to the home of God, Beautiful home of God, beautiful home of God;



To a land where dwells eter-nal love, Beautiful land above, land above.
Where the angel anthems fill the air, Beautiful cit - y fair, cit - y fair.
And our guide-book is his ho - ly word, Beautiful word of God, word of God.



No. 41. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON.

Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver - head, And
 2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
 3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And

trials of af - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
 more who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis-tant grown, and mute, I
 march a - long with cheer-ful song, Eu - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with
 tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with
 Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with

CHORUS.

Je sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D.S.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right. In

No. 42. MOVING TOWARD THE CITY.

"For here have we no continuing city, but seek for one to come"—HEB. 13: 14.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. We are mov-ing toward the Cit-y; Farther on we pitch our tents;
2. We are mov-ing toward the Cit-y; Resting not in fer - tile plains;
3. We are mov-ing toward the Cit-y; In the path the ransomed trod;

As we climb the greenclad high-lands, Glo - ry shines on us from thence.
Ev-'ry day's march brings us nearer Where the King of glo - ry reigns.
Tenting near-er, near-er, near - er To the pal - ace of our God.

CHORUS.

We are mov - ing with the
We are moving with the Saviour for our guide, We are moving,

Saviour for our guide; We
for our guide; We are tent-ing near-er to fair

are tent - ing nearer to fair Ca-naan's side.
Canaan's side, We are tenting near-er, near-er to

No. 43.

ARE YOU WATCHING?

EMILY C. PEARSON.

HAMP. H. SEWELL.

1. Are you watching for the glo - ry Of the com-ing of the Lord,
 2. It will be at time ap-pointed, Tho' we may not know the day,
 3. One is tak-en at the midnight In his peace-ful hour of rest,

As fore-told by seers and prophets, And His own oft-spok-en word ?
 He would find us oc - eu - py - ing, When He calls His own a-way;
 Borne away with oth-ers ransomed, To the gath-ning of the blest;

Are you wait-ing while He tar-ries, Tho' He com-eth not as yet?
 One is tak-en from his field-work, And the other toil - er left,
 Be then watching for the glo - ry, Of the com-ing of the King,

He hath made a sure appointment, And the ver-y time is set.
 Who had nev - er sought the Saviour, Of sal - va-tion he's be - reft.
 As fore-told by seers and prophets, When His loved ones He will bring.

ARE YOU WATCHING. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Then be watch-ing, oh, be wait-ing,
Watching, watching, waiting, watching, waiting, waiting,

Will you re-sist His own oft-spok-en word?

re-sist it not,

Then be watch-ing, oh, be wait-ing,
watching, watching, waiting, watching, waiting, waiting,

Yes, watch-ing for the com-ing of the Lord.

No. 44.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Rev. GEO. A. LeCLERE.

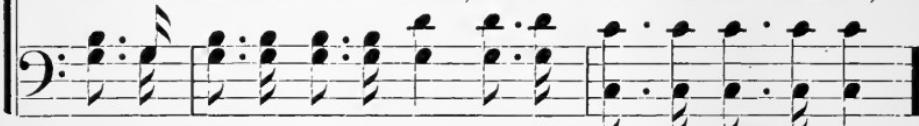
O. E. MATTOX.



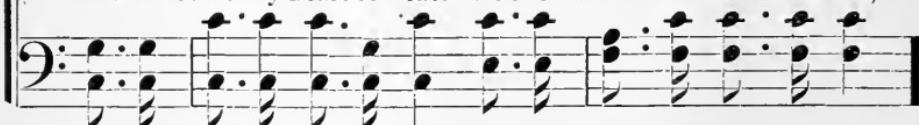
1. Do you hear the voice of God As He call-eth now to thee?
2. Ma - ny times the voice has come, Call-ing thee from paths of sin;
3. Now's the time to let Him in, While He calls to thee to-day;
4. Now I see my life's mistake, And I'm com-ing to the Lord,



Hear Him speak in tenderest tones, As He calls to mer - cy free;
 Knocking at the heart's-door loud, Pleading that you let Him in;
 O-pen wide the heart's-door now, E're He turns from thee a-way,
 It is "now's the time" to come, So I read His bless-ed word;



Oft He calls thee to His breast, And He of - fers to thy soul,
 Yet you've turned Him from your heart, By your sin you've barred the door,
 All the lost souls now that die, In the land of deep de-spair,
 Now I come my heart to cast At the bless - ed Saviour's feet,



Wea - ry with its bur - den, rest, sweet rest.
 You have caused the spir - it to de - part.
 Let their last chance to be saved pass by.
 For I fear this chance will be the last.



THE LAST CHANCE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

There is a last chance for sal - va - tion,
There is a last chance for sal - va - tion,

Cho. for last verse.

Lord, I am com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing,
Lord, I am com-ing, yes, I am coming,

Do you not hear Him ten - der - ly call - ing -
Do you not hear Him tenderly calling,
Down at Thy feet I pa-tient - ly lin - ger,
Down at Thy feet I patiently lin-ger,

Ur-gent - ly call - ing, long He has wait - ed,
Ur-gent-ly call-ing, long He has waited,
Te - sus, re - ceive me, cleanse and re - lieve me,
Je-sus, re-ceive me, cleanse and relieve me,

Turn, O sin - ner, ere it is too late, (it' is too late.)
I am com-ing now with-out de - lay, (without de-lay.)

No. 45. SAUL'S JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS.

J. A. B.

Moderato.

JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

1. When the peo - ple of God were wor - ship - ing, In Da - mas - cus not
2. Then he said, who art Thou, Lord, I pray, And what wilt Thou now
3. Then straightway did the chief of sin - ners go To re - ceive God's own
4. Guilt - y sin - ner, the Lord is call - ing thee, Will you hear while the

far o'er the way; From the blood-thirsty throng at Je - ru - sa - lem
have me to do; Then the Lord said to him, a - rise, I say,
word thro' His Son; Bless-ed word which is life to the sin - sick soul,
voice still doth cry, Will you take His sal - va - tion so great and free,

CHORUS.

Journeyed Saul to bring them a-way. As he journeyed he heard a voice
'Twill be told thee what thou must do.

From the cross to the bright golden crown. *Chorus 4th verse.*

While e - ter - ni - ty's draw-ing so nigh. Will you hear while the voice is calling

say, Saul, oh, Saul, why per - se - cu - test me? I am the
now, Oh, sin - ners, oh, wilt thou come to me? I am thy

Lord of heav'n and earth, I am Je - sus, who died on the tree.
light and sav - ing pow'r, I am Je - sus, who died on the tree.

No. 46.

FARTHER ON.

As sung by the colored people of the South.

Dedicated to Bishop L. H. Holsey.

Arr. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Dark and stormy is the desert, Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
2. Hark! a voice from E-den stealing, Soft - ly in an un - der-tone;
3. Night and morn it sings the same song, Sings it while I sleep a lone;
4. At the grave it sings the same song, While my body there in-closed;

Just be-yond this vale of sor-row, Lies the fields of end - less day.

Hark! I hear the gen - tle whisper, It is bet - ter, far-ther on.
Sings it so my soul can hear it, It is bet - ter, far-ther on.
Sings it sweet-ly while I'm sleeping, It is bet - ter, far-ther on.

CHORUS.

Far - ther on, but how much far-ther, Count the mile stones one by one,

Je - sus will for-sake us nev - er, It is bet - ter far - ther on.

No. 47.

TRUST ON.

Anon.

HAMP. H. SEWELL, by per.

A musical score for a piano or organ. It consists of two staves: a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. Both staves are in common time (indicated by '4') and have a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music features a repetitive harmonic pattern of chords and sustained notes.

1. Trust on, trust on, be - liev - er, Tho' long the conflict be,
2. Trust on, trust on, thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust,
3. Trust on, the dan-ger press - es, Temptation strong is near,
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith-ful friend,

A continuation of the musical score, showing the same two staves (treble and bass) in common time (4) with one flat (B-flat) key signature. The music continues the repetitive harmonic pattern established in the first section.

Thou yet shall prove vic - to - rious, Thy God shall fight for thee.
But in thy deep-est sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
Yet o'er life's dangerous rap - pids, He shall thy pas-sage steer.
Trust on, trust on, be - liev - er, O trust Him to the end.

A continuation of the musical score, showing the same two staves (treble and bass) in common time (4) with one flat (B-flat) key signature. The music continues the repetitive harmonic pattern established in the previous sections.

REFRAIN.

A musical score for a piano or organ, featuring a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and common time (4). The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and common time (4). The music consists of a repeating harmonic pattern of chords and sustained notes, with a melodic line in the treble staff.

Trust on, trust on, Tho' dark the night and drear,
Trust on, trust on,

A continuation of the musical score, showing the same two staves (treble and bass) in common time (4) with one flat (B-flat) key signature. The music concludes with a final statement of the refrain.

Trust on, The morning dawn is near.
Trust on, trust on,

A final musical score for a piano or organ, featuring a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and common time (4). The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and common time (4). The music consists of a repeating harmonic pattern of chords and sustained notes, concluding the hymn.

No. 48.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech-oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His



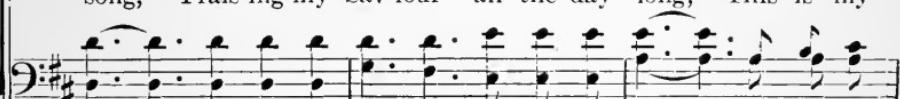
CHORUS.



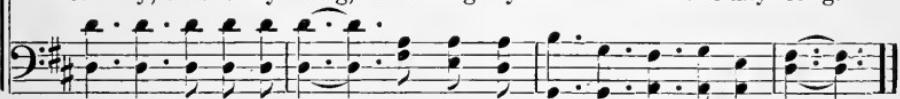
Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
goodness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my
song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;



sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.



No. 49.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

D. S. WARNER.

Allegro.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Re-joice lit-tle ones in the prom-ise di-vine, The Sav-iour has
 2. Look upward to Je-sus, He's mighty to save; His love like the
 3. A - dieu to this world, if you'd follow the Lord, For none but the
 4. We go not to heav-en, sal - va - tion to know, But Je-sus came
 5. Oh, do not dis-hon-or the name of our King, To think that you

willed that His glo - ry be thine; Then walk in white rai-ment with
 o - cean, oh, sink in its wave; Here wash in the blood of the
 pure are re-ceived by His word; Un - spot - ted by sin and made
 down to make whit - er than snow; He'll wait not death's coming as-
 can - not be free from all sin; He died to re-deem you, His

Him here be - low, The sheep of His fold must be whiter than snow.
 cru - ei - fied one, And shout His sal-va - tion in heav-en be-gun.
 per - fect in love, As pure in this world as in heav-en a - bove.
 sist - ance to lend, But save you just now, and to worlds without end.
 prom - ise is sure, He'll wash you and keep you e-ter-nal-ly pure.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than snow,
 Whit - er, dear Sav - iour, I'm whit - er than snow,

WHITER THAN SNOW. Concluded.

Musical score for 'Whiter than Snow' featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words like 'er' and 'than' repeated to fit the melody.

Whit - er than snow, Whit - er than
Glo - ry to Je-sus! my heart is a-glow, Whiter, dear Saviour, I'm

snow, . . . Whit - er than snow.
whit-er than snow, Kept by His pow-er, I'm whit-er than snow.

No. 50. BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT.

GEO. NAEGELE

Musical score for 'Blest Be the Tie' in common time (indicated by '3/4'). It features two staves of music. The top staff has a treble clef and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our
3. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But

Continuation of the musical score for 'Blest Be the Tie'. The top staff continues with the treble clef, and the bottom staff continues with the bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics continue from the previous page.

fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 51.

WAIT ON THE LORD.

IDA. L. REED.

Slow and strong.

Ps. 37 : 34.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Wait on the Lord, thy Sav-iour and King, Trust in His word, His
 2. Wait on the Lord, and bring Him thy care, Kneel at His throne, find
 3. Wait on the Lord, for - get not His way, He will reward thy

S.

praise ev - er sing; Wait on the Lord and keep thou His way,
 ref-uge in prayer, Tell Him thy woes, this Sav - iour of thine,
 work ev'ry day, Trust thou and wait, tho' bless-ings be few,

D.S.—Wait on the Lord, be pa - tient and true,

CHORUS.*Fine.*

Pray Him to guard thy foot-steps to - day.
 Free-ly e're flows His pit - y di - vine. Wait on the Lord, thy
 Ev - er He'll aid His fol - low-ers true.

He will a Fa - ther be un - to you.

D.S.

Sav - iour and King, Trust in His word, His praise ev-er sing;

By per. of W. A. Ogden.

No. 52.

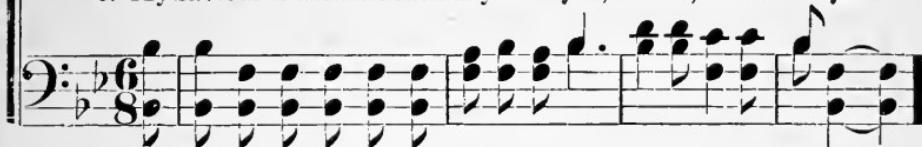
HALLELUJAH!

Melody furnished by the Salvation Army.
Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

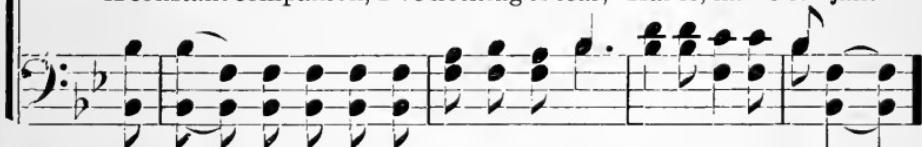
C. D. T.



1. I now have the Spirit that setteth me free, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. No longer I'm doubting His power to save,
3. So glad I can trust Him, I cannot but shout,
3. My Saviour is with me each day in the year, Hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah!



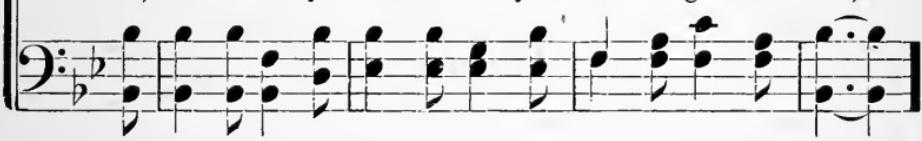
My Sav-iour's presence a-bid-eth with me, Hal - le - lu - jah!
The world - ly pleasures no long-er I crave,
The in-bred corrup-tion is all tak-en out,
A constant companion, I've nothing to fear, Hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah!



CHORUS.



Oh, hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am glad to tell,



Oh, hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! With my soul 'tis well.



No. 53. On the Hills Beyond the River.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22: 5.

Copyright, 1895, by James A. Buchanan, Atlanta, Ga. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

Anon.

Andante con espressione.

JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

1. There are hills be-yond the val - ley where the riv - er glid - eth by,
2. On those hills be-yond the riv - er is our heav'ly Father's throne,
3. While we walk a - long the val - ley we may sometimes gain a view

Where the E - den flow'rs are bloom-ing ua - der-neath a cloudless sky;
And the brightness of that cit - y mor - tal eye hath nev - er known;

Of the hills be -yond the riv - er, un - der -neath the arching blue;

There the state-ly palms are swaying in the soft and balm-y breeze,
Oh, its gates are shin-ing brightly in the nev - er fad - ing day,

If our footsteps nev - er fal - ter in the path that should be trod,

Birds of Par - a - dise are sing-ing from the ev - er verdant trees.
For the sun-shine is e - ter - nal, and can nev - er fade a - way.

We may one day claim a dwell-ing in the cit - y of our God.

CHORUS.

On the hills b -yond the riv - er,

On the hills be-yond the riv - er. On the hills be-yond the riv - er,

On the Hills Beyond the River.

A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are written in soprano and alto clefs, and the piano part is in bass clef. The vocal parts enter in pairs, with the piano providing harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated directly into the musical score.

state - ly hills, ma - jes - tic hills;
state - ly hills be-yond the riv - er, state - ly hills, ma - jes - tie hills;

We shall rest in peace for - ev - er,
We shall rest in peace for - ev - er, We shall rest in peace,

on those hills, en - dur - ing hills; We shall
on those hills, en - dur - ing hills, en - dur - ing hills; We shall

rest in peace for - ev - er, on the
rest in peace for - ev - er, we shall rest in peace, on the

hills, en - dur - ing hills.
hills, en - dur - ing hills, en - dur - ing hills, en - dor - ing hills.

No. 54.

ONCE FOR ALL.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

mf

1. Once for all the Sav-iour His blood hath spilt,
 2. Once for all the Fa-ther His Son hath giv'n,
 3. Once for all, O sin-ner, this grace re - ceive,

p

On the cross of Cal - va - ry, On the cross of Cal - va - ry;
 Man to res - cue by His grace, Man to res - cue by His grace;
 Let the hopes of heav'n be thine, Let the hopes of heav'n be thine;

mf

There the sac - ri - fice that He made for guilt;
 Pur-chase for the err - ing a home in heav'n,
 Has - ten now to Je - sus, His word be - lieve,

Makes the sin - ner pure and free. . . .
 There to see His smil - ing face. . . .
 Safe - ly rest in arms di - vine. . . .

ONCE FOR ALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Spread the tid - ings o'er this earth - ly ball; . . .

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Christ, the Lord, hath suf - fered once for all! . . .

55. COME TO THE FEAST.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3. "All things are ready." come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev'ry care and worldly

spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.
 wide; A place of hon-or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.
 thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
 strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . the in - vi - ta - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev-er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,

will;" Praise God for full sal -
 "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For

va - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er - will."
 "who - so - ev - er will."

No. 56. WHEN THE LORD SHALL CALL.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. There is a time, a hap-py time,
2. Like fer-tile seed, each lov-ing deed,
3. What heav'ly grace on ev'-ry face



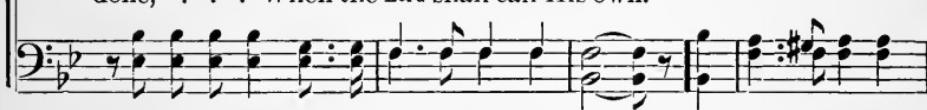
When the Lord shall call His own; Then all shall sing, . . . and praise their
When the Lord shall call His own; Tho' lost to view, . . . shall spring a-
When the Lord shall call His own; As to each one . . . He says "well



CHORUS.



O an-gel song! O



hap-py, hap-py throng! When the Lord shall call His own; Shall I be



there, . . . your bliss to share! . . . When the Lord shall call His own.



No. 57.

WHY I LOVE JESUS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. O. EXCELL.

A musical score for five voices. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature changes from common time (indicated by '3') to common time (indicated by '4'). The vocal parts are represented by different clefs: soprano (G-clef), alto (C-clef), tenor (F-clef), bass (B-flat-clef), and another bass (B-flat-clef). The lyrics are repeated five times, each ending with a half note on the bass line.

1. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
4. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
5. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?

Continuation of the musical score for the first verse, showing the vocal parts continuing their melody in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are identical to the previous measures.

Continuation of the musical score for the first verse, showing the vocal parts continuing their melody in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are identical to the previous measures.

'Tis be-cause my bless-ed Saviour From my sins hath set me free.
 'Tis be-cause the blood of Je-sus Ful-ly saves and cleanses me.
 'Tis be-cause, a-mid temp-ta-tion, He supports and strengthens me.
 'Tis be-cause, in ev'-ry con-flict, Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry.
 'Tis be-cause, my Friend and Saviour He will ev-er, ev-er be.

Continuation of the musical score for the first verse, showing the vocal parts continuing their melody in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are identical to the previous measures.

CHORUS

A musical score for four voices. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The vocal parts are represented by soprano (G-clef), alto (C-clef), tenor (F-clef), and bass (B-flat-clef). The lyrics are repeated five times, each ending with a half note on the bass line.

This is why . . . Yes, why I love Him, This is
 This is why I love my Je-sus, Why I love Him, This is

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus, showing the vocal parts continuing their melody in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are identical to the previous measures.

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus, showing the vocal parts continuing their melody in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are identical to the previous measures.

why . . . I love Him so; He has par-
 why I love my Je-sus, Why I love Him so; He has pardon'd, He has

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus, showing the vocal parts continuing their melody in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are identical to the previous measures.

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus, showing the vocal parts continuing their melody in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are identical to the previous measures. A 'Rit.' (ritardando) instruction is placed above the bass line.

don'd my trans-gres-sions, He has wash'd me white as snow.
 par-don'd my trans-gres-sions,

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus, showing the vocal parts continuing their melody in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are identical to the previous measures.

No. 58. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

Answer to "Are You Washed in the Blood."

W. T. DALE.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have been to Je-sus who has cleans'd my soul, I've been wash'd in the
2. I am dai-ly trusting Je-sus at my side, I've been wash'd in the
3. I am working in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been wash'd in the
4. I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been wash'd in the
5. I am watching for the com-ing of my Lord, I've been wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb, By the blood of Je-sus I have been made whole, I've been
blood of the Lamb, I am sweetly resting in the cru-ci-fied, I've been
blood of the Lamb, I am trusting in the promise of His word, I've been
blood of the Lamb, How His coming will each faithful heart rejoice, I've been
blood of the Lamb, He will come according to His faithful word, I've been

D. S.—And my robe is spotless, it is white as snow, I've been

FINE. CHORUS.

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I've been wash'd I've been
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. in the blood,
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

wash'd, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,
in the blood, of the Lamb,

No. 59.

SOWING THE TARES.

Words by a Convict,

Dedicated to "Brother Will." M. Cell. 1060.

M A L E.



1. Sowing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sowing of mal - ice
2. Sowing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
3. Sowing the tares, that bring sorrow down, Robs of its jew - els
4. Sowing the tares, under cov-er of night Which might have been wheat all



spite, and de-ceit, We might have sown roses amid life's sad cares, While life's sweetest hymn, And heeding no anguish, no piteous pray'rs, While life's fairest crown, And turning to silver the once golden hairs, Grown golden and bright, O heart, turn to God with repentance and pray'rs, And



REFRAIN.



we were so cru - el - ly sowing the tares.
we were so cru - el - ly sowing the tares. Sow-ing the tares,
whit-er and whit-er as we sowed the tares.
plead for for-giveness for sowing the tares.



Sow-ing the tares, We plead for for-giveness for sowing the tares.



No. 60.

HIS YOKE IS EASY.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—MATT. 11:30.

D. S. WARNER.

B. E. WARREN.



1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth-er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;
3. He's dear-er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh recoiled be-fore the cross, And Sa-tan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found Its prospects all de-ceive;



I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a-bove.
His streams of love for-ev - er flow, Within my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of inward strife, And bid me come to Him.
"Thy gain will not re-pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys abound, More than I could be-lieve.



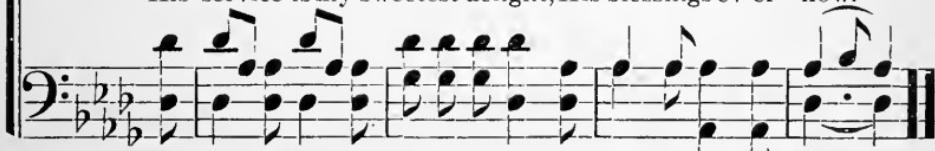
CHORUS.



His yoke is ea-sy, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so:



His service is my sweetest delight, His blessings ev-er flow.



No. 61. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scattering precious seed by the way-side,
2. Scattering precious seed for the grow-ing,
3. Scattering precious seed, doubting nev-er,

Scattering precious
Scattering precious
Scattering precious

seed by the hill-side; Scattering precious seed o'er the field, wide,
seed, free-ly sow-ing; Scattering precious seed, trusting, knowing,
seed, trusting ev - er; Sowing the word with pray'r and en-deav-or,

CHORUS.

Scattering precious seed by the way. Sow - - ing in the
Surely the Lord will send it the rain. Sow - - ing in the
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed,

morn - - - ing, Sow - - - ing at the
ev - - - 'ning, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed. Sow-ing the seed at noon-tide,-

noon - - tide, Sowing the precious seed by the way.
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

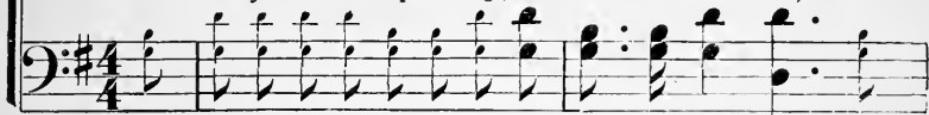
No. 62. HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

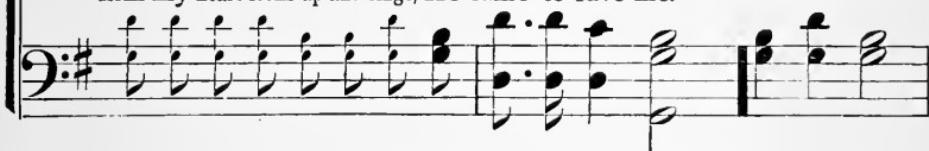


1. When Jesus laid his crown a-side, He came to save me; When
2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; Oh,
3. With gentle hand he leads me still, He came to save me; And
4. To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To

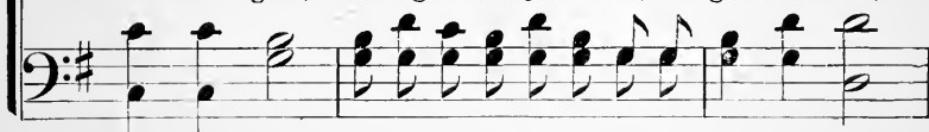


on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.
praise his name, I know it well. He came to save me.
trusting him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.

I'm so glad,



I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,



I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.



No. 63. I AM GOING TO A CITY.

(OR THE DYING CHRISTIAN.)

Rev. W. S. MCKENZIE, D. D.

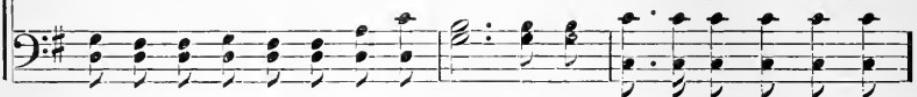
Rev. F. M. LAMB.



1. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where my Lord has gone be-fore, And a
2. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where my faith will change to sight, Out of
3. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where the streets are paved with gold, Where the



mansion is pre-par-ing there for me: I will serve Him and a-dore Him,
dark-ness I am pass-ing in - to day; Thro' the val-ley I am tread-ing,
beau-ties are so brilliant and so rare! Oh, the gleaming walls of jasper!



I will love Him more and more, When the rich-es of His glo-ry I shall see.
But my Saviour is my light, And no e- vil shall be-fall me on the way.
Oh, the splendors manifold! I am longing, I am sigh-ing to be there.



CHORUS.



I am go-ing to a cit-y Where the liv-ing nev-er die, Where no



Rit.



sick-ness and no sor-row can mo-lest, From this bod-y to re-lease me



I AM GOING TO A CITY. Concluded.

He is speeding from on high; He will greet me and es-cort me to my rest.

No. 64. JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

G. D. E. Arr.

GEÓ. D. ELDERKIN. Arr.

1. Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 2. Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 3. Christ by high-est heav'n adored, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 4. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Glo - ry to the new-born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Hail! the sun of right-eous-ness, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mer-cy are bright,

Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

No. 65.

PRAISE HIS NAME.

H. H. S.

HAMP. H. SEWELL.



1. The Sav - iour is the sin-ner's friend, His blood a ran-som
 2. O sin - ner, hear His lov - ing voice, It speaks to thee and
 3. He came to earth a sac - ri - fice, That He might sin-ners



for He came . . . To die, that we might thro' Him live, And
 pleads thy soul . . . Go wash in that soul cleans-ing blood, And
 here re - claim . . . Oh, trust Him now, re - pent, be - lieve, And



CHORUS.



I will praise His ho - ly name. I will praise . . . His ho-ly
 thou shalt then be ful - ly whole. I will praise His ho-ly name.
 praise the Saviour's ho - ly name. I will praise His ho-ly name.



name, For His own un - ceas - ing love and His
 His ho - ly name,



mer - cy from a - bove, I will praise . . . His ho - ly
 I will praise His ho - ly name,



PRAISE HIS NAME. Concluded.

name, I will praise my Saviour's ho - ly name.
His ho - ly name,



No. 66. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. D. D.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O - ver Life's tempestuous sea,
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar



Unknown waves around me roll, Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal,
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will, When Thou sayest "peace, be'still;"
'Twixt me and my peaceful rest, Then while leaning on Thy breast,



Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
Wond'rous sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



No. 67. THE DISPENSATION DAY.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

1. In the aw - ful age of night, When the earth was struck with blight,
2. But she raised her ban-ner high, And did all her foes de-fy,
3. Now the eve-ning time has come, When the brightness of the sun,
4. We are in the eve-ning light, Shin-ing in the morning light,

And the clouds of pa-pal darkness filled the sky; Per-se-O-ver her the gates of hell have not pre-vailed; For her Thro' the gos-pel shines in the re-mot-est land; It will And the clouds of thick ob-scur-i-ty are passed; In the

cu-tion's fire and blood, Rag-ing in an an-gry flood, Failed to for-ces mul-ti-plied, Not-with-stand-ing those who died, In the reach the dis-tant isles, Where the gold-en harvest smiles, To be conquest we are strong, Sing-ing as we march a-long, And we're

CHORUS.

crush the Church, sustained by God on high.

martyr's flames her glo-ry was revealed. We are in the evening of the gathered while the Saviour's near at hand.
read-y for the fi-nal trumpet's blast.

dis-pen-sa-tion day, And the gos-pel light has scat-tered

THE DISPENSATION DAY. Concluded.

all the night a-way, On the sun-ny mount-ain hear the

mel-o-dy of song, Float upon the breezes as we swift-ly pass a-long.

No. 68. HOW I LOVE JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev'-ry day,
4. It tells of One, whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe,

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood, The sinners's perfect plea.
And tho' I tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

{ Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Jesus, }
{ Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be- (Omit.) } cause He first lov'd me.

No. 69.

CHILDREN'S SONG.

M. B. J.

J. R. B.

1. Lit-tle¹hands to²work in the³Mas-ter's⁴vineyard, Lit-tle⁵feet to
 2. Lit-tle will¹that ev - er will keep me¹²do - ing, Lit-tle¹³eyes to
 3. Lit-tle²⁰knees to bow at the bless-ed al - tar, Lit-tle²¹lips to

⁶walk in the bless-ed⁷way; Lit - tle⁸heart with life from the
¹⁴see lest I¹⁵faint and¹⁶fall; Lit - tle¹⁷mind to¹⁸learn of the
 smile when His face I²²see; Lit - tle²³ears to²⁴hear when He

⁹lov - ing Sav-iour, Lit-tle¹⁰tongue to speak of His love each day.
 Sav-iour's¹⁹pre-cepts, Lit-tle voice to sing forth His prais-es all.
 speaks so ten - der, Lit-tle²⁵soul to save for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Oh, the lit - tle deeds can be done for Je - sus, Oh, the lit - tle

Oh, the lit - tle deeds can be done for Je - sus, Oh, the lit - tle

songs we can al - ways sing; Oh, the pre-cious love that He

CHILDREN'S SONG. Concluded.

pours up - on us, When our lit - tle trib - ute to Him we bring.

Gestures to "CHILDREN'S SONG."

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Extending hands.
2. Striking with both hands.
3. Left hand raised, right extended.
4. Right pointing to the right.
5 & 6. Two steps forward, placing even again.
7. Motioning right hand forward.
8. Right hand to heart.
9. Both hands raised beckoning.
10. Left forefinger to lips.
11. Showing both palms.
12. Motioning both hands to the left.
13. Covering eyes with left hand. | 14. Peering forward.
15. Swaying body forward.
16. Casting both hands to left, downward.
17. Left hand clasping forehead.
18. Both hands raised, thrown out in opposite directions.
19. Both hands thrown out.
20. Kneeling down.
21. Left hand to lips.
22. Peering upward.
23. Left hand to ear, turning face a little to the right.
24. Folding arms. |
|--|--|

No. 70.

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

HAZEL MITCHELL, age 10 years.

Har. by JOHN McPHERSON. By per.

H. M. **Moderato.**

1. Brave lit-tle sol-diers we must be, If the face of our Lord we see;
2. As I now walk with-in His path, He will keep me from sin and wrath;
3. Sure I am Je-sus' friend to-day, For He leads me a-long the way;
4. Marching along to heav'n's sweet land, Walking on at our Lord's com-mand,

CHO.—Oh, I love Je-sus, yes, I do, And I know that He loves me too;

If we are faith-ful to the end, We shall live with Him.
 No mat-ter if the way seems dim, I will fol - low Him.
 And tho' temp-ta - tions sore may come, I will keep with Him.
 We'll bear the cross and wear the crown, When we live with Him.

To me what-ev - er He may say, Glad - ly I'll o - bey.

No. 71.

KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.

J. L.

JOHN LANE, by per. 1892.



1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev-er mind the storms or tri- als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be saie from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to



Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
 Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa-vor to know,
 Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vict'ry is won,
 Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-bye,



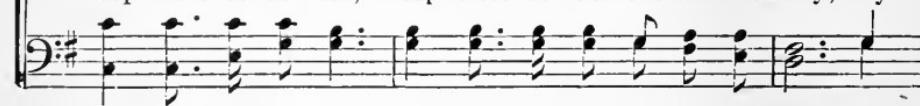
CHORUS.



Keep close to Je-sus all the way. Keep close to Je-sus.



Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus all the way; By



day or by night nev-er turn from the right, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.



No. 72. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN.

J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief - est of sin-ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised,
 3. Judg-ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
 4. O, what com-passion, oh, boundless love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

paid all his due; All who re-ceive Him need nev - er fear,
 so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
 who have re-fused? Oh, sin-ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in,
 Je - sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

CHORUS

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
 Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
 see the blood, o - ver you.

Rit

No. 73.

SPEAK JUST A WORD.

L. R. M.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. Speak just a word for your Master and your Lord, Speak just a word,
2. Speak just a word when about your dai-ly task, Speak just a word,
3. Speak just a word, for wher-ev- er you may go, Speak just a word,
4. Speak just a word, if a "cross" it seems to be, Speak just a word,

REF.—Speak just a word, He will teach you what to say, Speak just a word,

speak just a word; Stand in His name, let your loy-al voice be heard,
 speak just a word; He giv-eth grace un - to all who tru- ly ask,
 speak just a word; Sad hearts are longing the way of life to know,
 speak just a word; Think of the *true* cross upraised on Cal-va - ry,

speak just a word; His the re-sult, ours is on - ly to o - obey,

Fine.

Speak just a word for Je - sus.	Speak just a word, oh, con -
Speak just a word for Je - sus.	He calls you friend, oh, the
Speak just a word for Je - sus.	Some lit - tle word He may
Speak just a word for Je - sus.	Lift up the ban-ner of

Speak juss a word for Je - sus.

fess your Saviour King; He listens, listens near; Oh, never, never fear;
 wonders of His grace! He listens, listens near; Oh, never, never fear;
 use to cheer and bless, He listens, listens near; Oh, never, never fear;
 Him who died for you, He listens, listens near; Oh, never, never fear;

SPEAK JUST A WORD. Concluded.

D. C.

Come, to His al - tar a sac - ri - fice to bring, Speak just a word for Jesus.
 Talk of your Lord and His love in ev'ry place, Speak just a word for Jesus.
 Some little word He may use to cheer and bless, Speak just a word for Jesus.
 He calls for witnesses, loyal hearts and true, Speak just a word for Jesus.

No. 74. THE GOSPEL FEAST.

CHARLEY WESLEY. "Come, for all things are ready."—LUKE 14: 16.

Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
 2. Ye need not one be left be - hind, It is for you, it is for me;

FINE.

Let ev - ry soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
 For God hath bidden all mankind; It is for you, it is for me.

D. S.—Oh, weary wand'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion full, sal - va - tion free, The price was paid on Cal - va - ry;

- 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
- 4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
- 6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

- 7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
- 8 Oh, let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.
- 9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
- 10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

No. 75. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Evangelist M. B. WILLIAMS.

DUET.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

1. There's a dear and preeious book, Tho' its worn and fa - ded now,
2. As she read the sto - ries o'er; Of those mighty men of old,
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear,
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mein'ry lingers still,

Which re - calls those happy days of long a - go;
 Of Jos-eph and of Dan-i-el and their trials;
 How He suffered, bled and died up-on the tree;
 And the dear old Book each day has been my guide;

When I stood at mother's knee, With her hand up - on my brow,
 Of lit - tle Da - vid bold, Who be - came a king at last;
 Of His heav-y load of care, Then she dried my flow-ing tears
 And I seek to do His will, As my moth-er taught me then,

And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
 Of Sa - tan with his ma - ny wick-ed wiles.
 With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
 And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed book, . . . precious book, . . . On thy dear old tear-stained
Blessed book precious book,

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweeter day by day,

As I walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above.

No. 76. *Key of F.*

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

No. 77. *Key of F.*

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

No. 78.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

First 3 verses ANON.

Last 4 by Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO.



1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We have not long to stay;
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour-ag-ed, And thought it all in vain,
3. The Life-boat soon is com-ing, By the eye of Faith I see,



The storm-y clouds of dark-ness Will turn to brightest day.
For us to live a Christian life, And walk in Je-sus' name.
As shesweeps thro' the wa-ters To res-cue you and me,



Then let us all take cour-age, For we're not left a-lone;
But then we heard the Mas-ter say, I'll lend a help-ing hand;
And land us safe-ly in the port With friends we love so dear.



The life-boat soon is com-ing To gath-er the jew-el-s home.
And if you'll on-ly trust me I'll guide you to that land.
"Get read-y," cries the Cap-tain. Oh! look, she is al-most here.



THE LIFE-BOAT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, my brother, cheer,
Our trials will soon be o'er,
Our lov'd ones we will
We're pilgrims and we're strangers here,
We're seeking a city to come,
The life-boat soon

meet, will meet Up -on the gold-en shore;
com - ing To gath-er the jew-els home.

- 4 Yes, see her coming o'er the tide
With banners all unfurled;
She comes from heavenly ports
afar,
To take us from this world.
"Aboard, aboard," the Captain cries,
Let every pilgrim come,
And once upon the Life-boat,
I'll bear you safely home."
- 5 Behold all things are ready now,
The bells begin to ring,
The Captain stands upon the prow,
And all the pilgrims sing.
The breezes fill the canvas,
The waters rush and foam,
For we're upon the Life-boat,
And on our journey home.

- 6 Far out upon the widening seas
Our Captain steers the way,
And yonder in the eastern skies
We see the gleaming day.
Oh, yes, we see the distant shore,
We hear the ransomed sing,
And every breeze that comes this way
The sweetest odors bring.
- 7 Oh, wondrous joy we're home at last,
We've reached the golden shore!
And here we'll live, and sing, and
praise,
And shout forever more.
We're welcomed by our Saviour here
And friends and loved ones come;
While angel throngs and ransomed
All bid us welcome home! [saints]

NO. 79. SINNERS TURN; WHY WILL YE DIE?

REV. C. WESLEY, 1745.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands:
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why?
Will ye cross His love, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve.
Died Himself, that ye might live.

2 Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why?
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

No. 80. SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME.

GRACE W. HINSDALE.

Effective as a Solo.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. I have some-thing Je - sus gave me for my own (my own);
 2. Like His pres - ence it doth bring me peace di - vine (di - vine);
 3. If my hu - man hands had found it, I should grieve (should grieve);

It is some-thing which He sent me from His throne (from His throne);
 'Tis His sweet and ten - der whis - per, thou art Mine (thou art mine);
 But my Sav - iour gave it to me, I be - lieve (I be - lieve);

It is some-thing which I car - ry in my heart (my heart);
 What's the gift I clasp so fond - ly, would'st thou see (thou see,?)
 Oh, how sweet it is to bear it as His gift (His gift),

It is safe till Je - sus bids me from it part (it part).
 'Tis a cross which Christ, my Mas - ter, gave to me (to me).
 While the bur - den of my sor - row Christ doth lift (doth lift).

REFRAIN.

'Tis a cross . . . He gave me, All in love . . . He gave me,
 A cross yes,

SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME. Concluded.

To have, To have, to bear, to bear, In meekness and in prayer.

No. 81. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Old Melody.

1. Of Him who did sal-va-tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,
2. Ask but His grace and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking,
3. Tho' sin and sor-row wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking,
4. Wher-e'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking,
5. In - sa-tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking

I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my journey home.
 Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.
 Je - sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my journey home.
 I meet the ob - ject of my love, I'm on my journey home.
 I drink and yet am ev - er dry, I'm on my journey home.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, on my journey home.

No. 84. THE *NEW CAMP GROUND.

D. S. WARNER.

B. E. WARREN.

1. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, And our hearts, O God, o'er-flow,
 2. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, And our shouts of glo-ry ring;
 3. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, Oh, the fel-low-ship so sweet!
 4. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, And we come in Je-sus' name:
 5. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, And we come to work and pray,

With our songs of joy, and a stream of thanks, For the love Thou dost be-stow.
 There's a might-y stir as the Lord comes down, And the saints of God pour in.

As the pure in heart all to-geth-er flow, In the bonds of love complete.
 Here, oh, 'mighty God, let Thy thun-der sound, And Thy aw - ful Spir-it flame.
 Here, redeem, dear Lord, ev-en in mul-ti-tudes, At Thy al - tars day by day.

CHORUS.

We will sing, praise the Lord; Let the
 hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord,

joy - ful mu - sic roll; We will strike the hap-py key,

hal - le - lu - jah, I am free! We will sing in sweet ac - cord.

No. 85.

ONE NARROW WAY.

JOHN 14 : 6 ; 10 : 9.

B. E. F.

Slow with expression.

BIRDIE E. FINK.

1. Only one narrow way, "I am *the way*," On-ly one o-pen door,
2. Only one mind and mouth, All speak the same, On-ly *one* church of God,
3. Oh, see His crimson blood, Flowing for all, Behold thy patient friend,

"I am *the door*." Only one Shepherd, kind, To heal the sick and blind,
Kept in His name. On-ly one gentle hand, To lead the lit-tle band;
Drinking life's gall. On-ly one rest complete, Low at His love-ly feet;

REFRAIN.

On - ly one reeking cross, For souls that are lost.
On - ly one ho - ly plain, One heaven to gain.
On - ly one fountain free, 'Tis flowing for thee.

On - ly *one*

narrow way, "I am *the way*," On-ly *one* o-pen door, "I am *the door*."

No. 86.

AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
 Here Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled away— It was there by faith
 rolled a - way,

I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

No. 87. WE SHALL RUN AND NOT BE WEARY.

B. E. W.

IS. 40: 31.

B. E. WARREN.

1. I now am running in the Christian race, To gain the promised prize;
2. We'll run and never fal-ter by the way, For Je-sus' word is true;
3. I'll stand upon His word and prove His pow'r, The Rock of A-ges past;
4. The heavy weights of sin are laid a-side, My heart is free and light;
5. When life is o'er and labor here is done, Can we thus say with Paul?—

Through Jesus' matchless, saving, keeping grace, We'll crown Him in the skies.
 He's promised if we ev - er will o-bey, To bring us safe-ly through
 I know He'll keep me, trusting ev'ry hour, While life on earth shall last.
 There's nothing we may fear which can betide, Our hope is clear and bright.
 "I've fought the fight and there's a starry crown," That's waiting for us all.

CHORUS.

We shall run . . . and not be wea - ry,
 We shall run and not be wea - ry, we shall walk and never faint;

We shall walk . . . and nev-er faint, . . . We're
 We shall run and not be wea - ry, we shall walk and never faint;

trav'ling to our happy home, We'll walk and nev-er-faint, (never faint.)

No. 88. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

- 
1. Hear the gen - tle Spir-it's call, Jesus is pleading for thee;
 2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day ? Jesus is pleading for thee;
 3. Oh! He drank that bit-ter cup, Jesus is pleading for thee;
 4. He will wash your garments white, Jesus is pleading for thee;
 5. He will sweep your guilt away, Jesus is pleading for thee;
 6. He will give you joy and peace, Jesus is pleading for thee;



There is par-don free for all, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Leave that dark and dreary way, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
And this world you must give up, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Turn your darkness in - to light, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Make thy soul as clear as day, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je-sus is pleading for thee.

CHORUS.



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,

of the Lamb.

No. 89. STEP IN THE LIFE-BOAT.

PERLA E. HIGGINS.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. The life-boat is launch'd on the wild, stormy sea, To res-cue the
2. The life-boat is launch'd, it is now at your side; Christ's hands are out-
3. The life-boat is launch'd, she is tak-ing us home, While thousands are

lost who are drift-ing a - way; For Sa - tan is striv-ing their
stretch'd to af - ford you re - lief; Ac-cept the kind aid and be
drift-ing to end-less de-spair; O, broth-er, come with us, sal-

souls to ob-tain, While Je-sus is call-ing, "I'll save you to - day."
rescued from death; Re-ject-ing is choosing your soul's endless grief.
va - tion is free; The Saviour will par-don, sub - mit to His care.

CHORUS

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus invites you, no longer delay;

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus is calling, "I'll save you to-day."

No. 90.

GLORY TO JESUS.

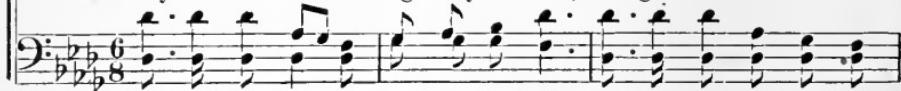
"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6:37.

A. F. M. Arr.

A. F. MYERS.



1. If you want pardon, if you want peace, If you want sor-row and
5. Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew-els of
3. If you want boldness,take part in the fight; If you want pu - ri - ty,
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and



sighing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree, Jesus can
earth all as dross,Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side,Jesus can
walk in the light, If you want lib-er-ty, shout and be free, Jesus can
you shall be whole,Wash'd in the blood of the cru-cified,He,Jesus can



CHORUS.

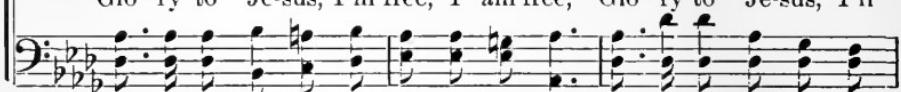


save you, for He saved me.

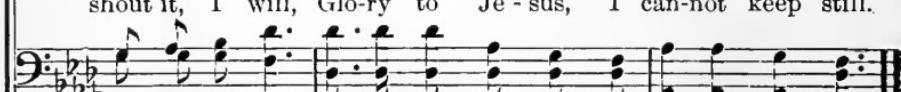
save you, for you He died. Glo-ry to Je-sus, He sat-is-fies me,
cleanse you,for He cleans'd me.
cleanse you,for He cleans'd me.



Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'm free, I am free, Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'll



shout it, I will, Glo-ry to Je-sus, I can-not keep still.



No. 91. I KNOW MY NAME IS THERE.

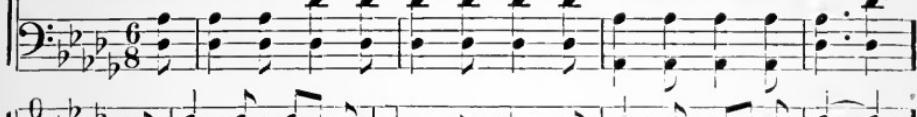
"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

D. S. WARNER

B. E. WARREN. By per.



1. My name is in the Book of life, Oh, bless the name of Je-sus!
2. My name once stood with sinners, lost, And bore a painful rec-ord;
3. Yet inward trouble oft-en cast A shad-ow o'er my ti-tle;
4. While others climb thro' worldly strife, To carve a name of honor,



I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti-tle clear.
But, by His blood the Saviour crossed, And placed it on His roll.
But, now with full sal-va-tion blest, Praise God! its ev-er clear.
High up in Heaven's Book of life, My name is writ-ten there.



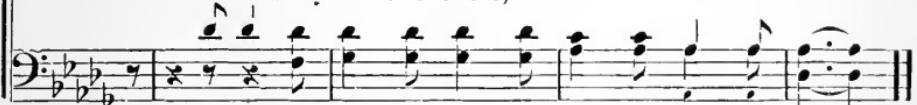
CHORUS.



I know, I know my name is there;
I know, I tru-ly know, I know my name is there,



I know, I know my name is writ-ten there.
I know my name is there,



Second No. 90. Come to the Saviour.

Music on opposite page.

- 1 Jesus is calling, calling for thee,
Hearest thou not His importunate plea?
Oh, by the spear-wound pierced in His side,
Haste to be saved by the crucified.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD CHORUS.

Come to the Saviour, no longer delay,
Trust in His love and accept Him to-day;
Tenderly, lovingly calls He to thee,
List to His pleading, believe and be free.

- 2 Jesus is pleading, pleading with thee,
Was ever mercy so rich and so free?

Wonderful grace He waits to bestow,
Is it not strange He should love thee so?

3 Jesus is waiting, waiting for thee,
Love could not purer and holier be,
Oh, for the blood poured out for thy soul,
Come to this Saviour and be made whole.

4 Jesus is here, but soon He may go,
Shall He bear with Him thy sins and thy woe?
Oh, then entreat Him, ere He depart,
Freely to pardon and cleanse thy heart.

LAST CHORUS.

Wonderful grace! how it satisfies me,
Wonderful mercy! so rich and so free;
Would you a child of the covenant be?
Jesus can save you—He sweetly saved me.

No. 92. THE MASTER CALLS FOR REAPERS.

M. W. KNAPP.

1. { Hark! the Mas - ter calls for reap -

L. L. PICKETT.

ers; Rich and
ing, An-swer,

I - die not, but quick-ly fly

1. { Hark! the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, calls for reap-ers;
I - die not, but quick-ly fly - ing,quick-ly fly - ing,

ripe . . . the harvest, see. }
Lord, . . . send me,send me. }

CHORUS.

Rich and ripe the harvest, see, the harvest, see; } Spread the gospel in - vi-

Answer, Lord, send me, send me, O Lord, send me. }

Spread the gospel in - vi-

Spread the gos - - pel in - vi-

ta - tion, Speak a warn - ing,breathe a prayer;

ta - tion,Speak a warn - - ing,breathe a prayer, All a -

All around you men are dy - ing, You can find them ev'rywhere.

round you men are dy - ing, You can find . . . them ev'ry-where.

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- 2 Great the harvest, few the toilers,
Work is waiting one and all;
Answer quickly, and rejoicing,
Hear and heed the Master's call.
- 3 Gather golden sheaves for Jesus,
Ere too late, they ruined be:
Great and precious is the harvest,
And 't is Jesus calleth thee.
- 4 Rich reward is for thee waiting,
If but faithful thou wilt prove;

Christ will say, "Well done, thou faith-
In His kingdom bright above. [ful,"

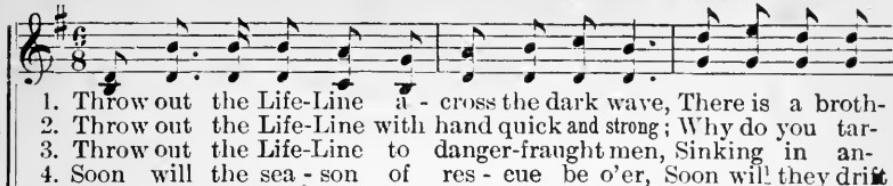
5 But if thou shouldst falsely linger,
Proving thus to Him untrue,
Fearful, then, will be the reckoning
At the Judgment waiting you.

6 Jesus shed His blood so precious,
On the cross for thee didst die:
Therefore heed His call so earnest,
Swiftly to the harvest fly.

No. 93. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

E. S. U. Arr. by GRO. C. STEBBINS.



er whom some one should save: Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh,
ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing, oh,
guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and
to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no



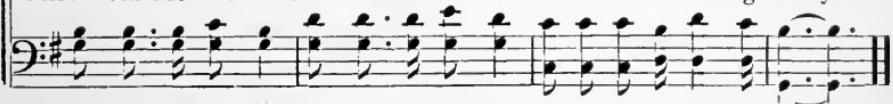
who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
hast - en to - day And out with the Life-Boat, away, then, a - way!
bil - lows of woe, Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.



CHORUS.



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.



No. 94. THE MUSIC OF HIS NAME.

D. S. WARNER,

"Sing for the honor of His name."—PS. 66: 2.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Who can sing the wondrous love of the Son Di - vine! Oh! my
 2. Tune your hearts, ye ransomed throng, and extol the Christ: Sing the
 3. Oh! let saints and an-gels join in tri - umph-ant song; Let the

Lord, there's none so dear to me, As the One who bore the
 name that o - pened mer - ey's door, Oh! 'tis mu - sic, sweetest
 mu - sic of all worlds ac - cord, And in ho - ly an-thems

bur-den of all my sin, And so free-ly died to set me free.
 mu - sic to sin - ners lost, Sweetest to the saints for ev - er - more.
 high o - ver all, pro-claim, Glo - ry be to Je - sus Christ the Lord.

CHORUS.

Oh, the pre-cious mu - sic of Je - sus' name!
 Oh, the pre-cious, precious mu - sic of Je - sus' ho - ly name!

Glo - ry to the Lamb! . . . Oh, sweetest name in song!
 Glo - ry, glory to the precious Lamb, precious Lamb.

THE MUSIC OF HIS NAME. Concluded.

All the heavens shall prolong The mu - sic of Thy name, (of Thy name.)

No. 95.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

Words and music by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love sur - pass-ing knowl-edge! O grace so full and free!
 2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free!
 3. O blood of Christ so pre - cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry!

I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!
 I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me!
 I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's e-nough for me!

D. S. I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!

REFRAIN.

And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!

D. S.

4 Oh, wondrous love of Jesus,
 He tasted death for me;
 He lives my King forever,
 And that's enough for me.

5 His blessed Holy Spirit
 With mine doth now agree;
 He tells me—I'm adopted;
 And that's enough for me.

6 I have His sweet communion,
 He walks—and talks with me,
 And fills my life with gladness—
 And that's enough for me.

7 His grace will be sufficient,
 Till I His glory see,
 Then safe at home forever—
 And that's enough for me.

No. 96.

CONVERT'S PRAISES.

E. S. U.

EDWARD S. UFFORD.

1. I can join the con-vert's praises, For I've been redeem'd from sin;
 2. I can feel the heav'n-ly wit-ness, Speaking silent bless-ings now;
 3. I can look tow-ard the fu-ture, When my feet are mov-ing fast;

I can sing a wondrous sto-ry, Calm without and peace within.
 I can know that Je-sus lis-tens, When be-fore His throne I bow.
 I can al-most hear the voic-es, As they whis-per, "Home at last."

D. S. I am now redeem'd from sin— Calm with-out and peace with-in.

CHORUS.

I can sing, I can pray, All my doubts and fears a-way;

Used by per. of Author.

No. 97. PRAYS FOR HER BOY.

TUNE—"Old Oaken Bucket."

- 1 Oh, who can forget the kind care of a mother?
 A mother who kneels down and prays for her boy,
 Who weeps at the altar and pleads as no other,
 For one gone astray who has blighted her joy.
 How anxious she watches when late home returning,
 To see if the tempter was leading astray;
 She's fearing and dreading, her loving heart yearning,
 Oh, what more can she do, but kneel there and pray?

REFRAIN.—Oh, she prays for her darling, with heart almost breaking;
 A mother who prays for her own precious boy.

- 2 How pale was her face, when her boy would come reeling,
 With his wild foolish talking, that chilled her dear heart,
 How little he thinks of her poor wounded feelings,
 Struggling to keep back the tears that do start.
 She even could wish the death-angel had taken,
 When safely to heaven he could have been borne;
 She sees her kind teachings, he now has forsaken,
 He thoughtlessly leaves her to pray and to mourn.

LAST REF.—Come now to mother's Saviour and He will receive you;
 If you come repentant He'll cleanse you from sin.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, from G. W. PAYNE.

No. 98.

DARE TO BE A PAUL.

To T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. whose few words of personal encouragement have not been lost nor forgotten, this hymn is respectfully dedicated by the author.

Words and music by Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. See the lonely pris - on - er, There in Fe-lix's hall, Hear him tell the
 2. See the no-ble pris - on - er, Standing there a-lone, Pleading in his
 3. See the happy pris - on - er, Full of peace and trust, All his en - e-

sto-ry true, Hear him tell it all; Heavy chains are binding him,
 Master's name, To the Roman throne; Pomp and pow'r on ev'-ry hand,
 mies may scorn, Yet per-ish in the dust; But His word of truth and pow'r,

In the court-room proud, But he does not fear the gaze Of the Grecian crowd.
 But he does not quail, Speaking for the cause of truth, Not a word shall fail.
 Down the a-ges fall, "Dare to tell the sto-ry true, Dare to tell it all."

CHORUS

Dare to be a Paul, Dare to be a Paul, Dare to tell the

sto - ry true and dare to tell it all; dare to tell it all.

No. 99.

SHALL I TURN BACK?

E. E. HEWITT.

Arr. by JNO. J. HOOD.



1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, Till Je-sus in
2. My days, swift-ly pass-ing, have brought from above, So many bright
3. How well I re-member, in sorrow's dark night, The lamp of His
4. Be-fore me the tow'rs of Je-ru-sa-lem rise, Each day I am



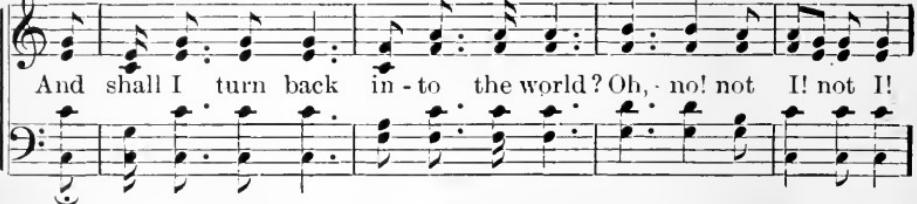
love, sought and res-cued me there, He saved me from wand'ring, He
tok-en-s of mer-cy and love; "More grace" He has giv-en, and
word shed its beau-ti-ful light, And sweet was the voice of the
near-ing my home in the skies; My Sav-iour, a man-sion of



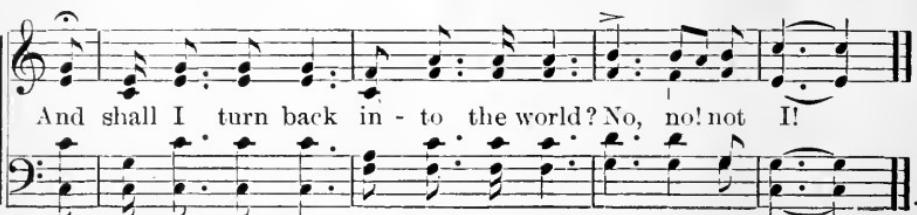
gave me re-lease, And led me to pathways of bless-ing and peace.
bur-dens removed, Yes, o-ver and o-ver, His good-ness I've prov'd.
Com-fort-er then, A-waking new praises a-gain and a-gain.
joy will prepare, And loved ones are waiting to wel-come me there.



CHORUS.



And shall I turn back in-to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!



And shall I turn back in-to the world? No, no! not I!

No. 100. O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

CHARLES WESLEY.

AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, for a thou-s-and tongues to sing My great Re-deemer's praise;
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine, [good,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 101. *See music above.*

1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears?
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee all praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 102. *See music above.*

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

No. 103. *See music above.*

1 Am I a soldier of The cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain;
Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 104.

CHRIST IS ALL.

"Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious." —1 PET. 2: 7.

To the memory of the late S. T. Gordon.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
 2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
 3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go,—To Af-ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
 5. I dream'd that hoary Time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it say,

Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence Her helpless
 Wait-ing for Je-sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul ap-pall, I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri-
 To save from Satan's thrall; Nor home nor life he counted dear 'Midst wants and
 A fire dis-solved this ball; I saw the church's ransom'd throng, I heard the
 The Bride repeats the call; For He will cleanse your guilty stains, His love will

CHORUS.

wid-ow-hood's defense, She told me "Christ was all."
 spir - it passed a-way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 umph-ant-ly to heav'n, And an-swered, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
 per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
 bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

all, yes, Christ is all in all,
 all, (Omit) Yes, Christ is all in all.

No. 105. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

WEBB. 7s. 6s.

GEO. WEBB.

FINE.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross ; }
 Lift high your royal ban - ner, It must not (*Omit.*) . . . } suffer loss:
 D. C.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is (*Omit.*) . . . Lord indeed.

From vic'try un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my Heshall lead,

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey ;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day :
 " Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own ;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger.
 Be never wanting there.

No. 106. (*See music above.*)

1 The morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking,
 To penitential tears :
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
 Brings tidings from afar ;
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending,
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending,
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not till all the lowly,
 Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

No. 107. (*See music above.*)

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
 And fling it to the breeze,
 And let the glad hosanna
 Sweep over land and seas ;
 To God be all the glory
 For what we now behold—
 Oh, let the cheering story
 In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
 In Alchohol's dire chain,
 But wife and children cherish
 Within his home again ;
 And sobered men, repenting,
 Will bow at Jesus' feet,
 Their thankful hearts relenting
 Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
 In this and every land,
 And thousands now are turning
 To join our temp'rance band :
 The light of truth is shining
 In many a darkened soul ;
 Ere long its rays combining
 Will blaze from pole to pole.

No. 108. COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

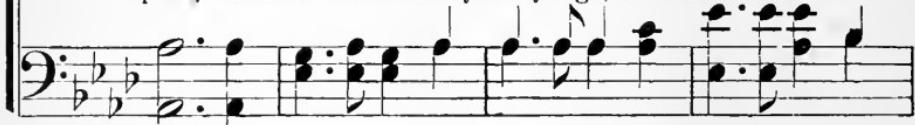
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Oh, bless-ed fellow - ship divine! Oh, joy supreme-ly
2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can
3. I'm leaning on his loving breast, A - long life's weary
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me.



sweet! Companionship with Jesus here Makes life with bliss re -
hear The softest whispers of his love In fel-lowship so
way; My path, illumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by
spread; And tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from



plete: In un - ion with the purest one, I find my heav'n on
dear, And feel his great Almighty hand Protects me in this
day: No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Almigh - ty
dread, My peaceful spir-it ev-ersings, "I'll trust the cov-er-



REFRAIN.



earth be - gun.
hos - tile land. Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've
Friend so near.
of thy wings."



COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS. Concluded.

Je - sus with me all the time! Oh, wondrous bliss! oh.
joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

No. 109. THE COMING DAY.

1. { And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day ?
For ev -'ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev-ry word I say ? }
CHORUS.
Oh, what will you do in the coming day, In the coming day, the coming day ?
When the heav'ns and the earth shall pass a - way, What will you do in that day ?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.—CHO.

3 How careful then ought I to live,
With that religious fear ;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.—CHO.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow ;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.—CHO.

5 If now Thou standest at the door,
Oh, let me feel Thee near ;
And make my peace with God, before
I at Thy bar appear.—CHO.

No. 110. Music No. 143.

- 1 See Jesus Thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give,
Within Thy name we look to Thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect our faithful Lord
Who in Thy name are joined ;
We wait according to Thy Word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us Thou art assembled here,
But, oh, Thyself reveal !
Son of the living God appear
Let us Thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live,
Speak peace into our hearts and say
The Holy Ghost receive.

No. 111. WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

"Tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—MARK 5: 9.

TABOR.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. Are you walk-ing with the Lord? Tell it out! Tell it out!
 2. Does your heart beat hot with-in? Tell it out! Tell it out!
 3. Do you love this sa - cred hour? Tell it out! Tell it out!
 4. Is your hope of glo - ry bright? Tell it out! Tell it out!

Speak for 41im a lov - ing word, Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Are you saved from in - bred sin? Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Have you sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r? Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Are you liv - ing in the light? Tell it out! Tell it out!

He will all your be-ing fill, While you do His ho - ly will,
 Does the blessing o - ver-flow? Then let all the peo - ple know;
 Are you ev - 'ry whit made whole? Does He wit - ness with your soul?
 Christ will then confess for you, In that land be - yond the blue!

Tho' you're tempted to keep still, Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Wit - ness - es for Christ be - low, Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll, Tell it out! Tell it out!
 'Tis your turn, what will you do? Tell it out! Tell it out!

CHORUS.

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

WITNESS FOR CHRIST. Concluded.

A musical score for a hymn. The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps). It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are:

old, old sto - ry, Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
 out! Tell the old, old sto - ry, Tell it out! Tell it out!

No. 112. CORONATION.

A musical score for a hymn. The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps). It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are:

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name. Let an-gels prostrate fall;
 2. Sinners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
 4. Oh, that with yon - der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 113.

THE LOYAL ARMY.

"Out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight."—HEB. 11:34.

W. C. BROWN, Arr. by W. A. O.

A. B. KAUFFMAN, Arr. by W. A. O.

1. We've en-list-ed in the ar-my, in the ar-my of the Lord,
2. In this grand and glorious ar-my there is room for ev'-ry one
3. Let us march a-long to-geth-er, comrades, fearlessly and bold,

We will la-bor in His ser-vice and o-beay His ho-ly word;
Who will wear the gos-pel ar-mor and go marching bravely on;
Loy-al sol-diers of the le-gion like the pa-triarchs of old;

We will ga-ther up the fragments here that nothing may be lost,
If you can-not preach the gospel, you a word for Christ can say
Let us swell the joy-ful chorus in a song of loud ac-claim,

For the precious blood of Je-sus paid the fear-ful cost.
To en-cour-age lit-tle sol-diers now up-on the way.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah to the Sav-iour's name.

CHORUS

March-ing on . . . so glad and free, . . . March-ing
March-ing on so glad and free,

THE LOYAL ARMY. Concluded.

to . . . the heav'n-ly Canaan we, There to rest . . . from toll and
 To the heav'n-ly There to rest from
 care, In that bless-ed promised land so bright and fair.
 toil and care, so fair.

No. 114. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

No. 115. Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

See music above.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

J. STOCKER.

No. 116. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

See music above.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine.
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 117.

ANTIOCH.

Musical score for "ANTIOCH." The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and have a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom two staves are also in common time and have a key signature of one flat. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notation is typical of early printed music, using vertical stems and horizontal bar lines.

No. 118.

LENOX.

Musical score for "LENOX." The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and have a key signature of one flat. The bottom two staves are also in common time and have a key signature of one flat. The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with some measure endings indicated by a colon and a repeat sign.

No. 119.

ROCKINGHAM.

Musical score for "ROCKINGHAM." The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and have a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The bottom two staves are also in common time and have a key signature of one sharp. The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with some measure endings indicated by a colon and a repeat sign.

No. 120. *Music No. 117.*

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 121. *Music No. 118.*

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of
grace.
3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of His Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
4 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 122. *Music No. 118.*

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 123. *Music No. 119.*

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming
sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
3 Soon, borne on times' most rapid wing,
Shall death demand you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirit bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall
rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

No. 124. BEYOND THE GRAVE.

(Can be sung to tune, 'Flowers from Angel Mother's Grave.'')

1 In the days long gone by when your
childish play was done,
And you knelt down beside moth-
er's chair,
Little did you think that in days that
soon would come
You would leave mother's God and
mother's prayer.
But you left your home, and mother's
heart was broken when you fell,
When she saw the demons chain
you; as a slave
And the lips that kissed her darling
when the evening prayers were
said;
For long years have been mouldering
in the grave.

CHORUS.

Onward you are drifting, drifting day
by day,
Soon, you will sink beneath the wave,
Will you meet those gone before,
On that happy golden shore,
Or be banished from their home, be-
yond the grave?
2 As they knelt by her side there to hear
the last good-bye
From the lips that once kissed away
your care,
Came the last whispering words as she
pointed toward the sky:
"Tell my loved ones to meet me over
there."
Death's cold waters rose around her as
the life stream ebbed away,
Then the Boatman came and took
her 'cross the wave;
Though the mists now hide her from
you, still she's waiting over there.
Will you meet her again beyond the
grave.

No. 125.

AMERICA.

HENRY CAREY.

Musical score for "AMERICA" by Henry Carey. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The music features eighth-note patterns and some sixteenth-note figures. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 126.

ORTONVILLE.

Musical score for "ORTONVILLE". The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The music features eighth-note patterns and some sixteenth-note figures. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 127.

GUIDE.

Musical score for "GUIDE". The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The music features eighth-note patterns and some sixteenth-note figures. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots, followed by a section labeled "D.C." (Da Capo).

No. 128. *Music No. 125.*

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

No. 129. *Music No. 125.*

- 1 My country ! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Our father's God ! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King !

No. 130. *Music No. 127.*

- 1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come !
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er
Whisper softly, wanderer, come !
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 131. *Music No. 126.*

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

No. 132. *Music No. 126.*

- 1 Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—
- 2 A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without ;[clear
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;—
- 3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till lifes last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

No. 133. *Music No. 126.*

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be.
Help me to tear it from my throne,
And worship only Thee.

No. 134.

AUTUMN.

Musical score for "AUTUMN." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '3') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by '2'). The key signature is one flat. The music concludes with a repeat sign followed by two endings. Ending 1 ends with a forte dynamic. Ending 2 ends with a forte dynamic followed by a repeat sign and then continues with a piano dynamic. The piece concludes with a final forte dynamic and the word "FINE".

No. 135.

TOPLADY.

Musical score for "TOPLADY." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '3') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by '4'). The key signature is one flat. The music concludes with a repeat sign followed by two endings. Ending 1 ends with a forte dynamic. Ending 2 ends with a forte dynamic followed by a repeat sign and then continues with a piano dynamic. The piece concludes with a final forte dynamic and the word "FINE".

No. 136.

WOODWORTH.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Musical score for "WOODWORTH." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '3') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by '4'). The key signature is one flat. The music concludes with a repeat sign followed by two endings. Ending 1 ends with a forte dynamic. Ending 2 ends with a forte dynamic followed by a repeat sign and then continues with a piano dynamic. The piece concludes with a final forte dynamic and a fermata over the last note.

No. 137. *Music No. 134.*

- 1 Hark, the voice of Jesus crying,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth;
 Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer gladly saying,
 "Here am I; send me, send me."
- 2 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly;
 Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
 "Here am I, send me, send me!"

No. 138. *Music No. 135.*

- 1 Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 139. *Down at the Saviour's Feet.* *Tune—Down by the Old Mill Stream.*

- 1 I'm glad I ever heard the blessed story
 Of love so full and free,
That gave up all of Heaven and its
 glory,
And bore all the sufferings for me;
I'm glad that ere with broken heart
 I sought the mercy seat,
And found relief from my load of sin
 and grief,
While kneeling at the Saviour's feet.
Praise the Lord,

CHORUS.

Down at the Saviour's feet,
Love finds its heaven all complete;
Burdens roll away—
Darkness turns to day,
While kneeling at the Saviour's feet.

- 2 The world with all its joys no longer
 charms me,
For purer bliss is mine;
The tempter with his darts no longer
 harms me,

While kept by the power that's
 divine,
From inward strife and fear set free;
 My victory is complete,
In joy or pain, in earthly loss or gain,
 I have heaven at the Saviour's feet.
Praise the Lord, etc.

No. 140. *Music No. 136.*

- 1 Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was, shed for me.
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot.
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 141. *Music No. 136.*

- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine
With full consent Thine I would be
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die
Be Thine through all eternity:
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all,

No. 142. *Music No. 134.*

- 1 Love divine all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus Thou art all compassion,—
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing
Glory in Thy perfect love.

No. 143. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C'). The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The music features eighth-note chords and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?— No; there's a cross for ev -'ry one, And there's a cross for me." The second section of lyrics follows, starting with "2 The consecrated cross I'll bear," and so on.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
3 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.
4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 144. *See music above.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
3 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

No. 145. *See music above.*

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiven;
And Christians be while here on earth
Or reign with Him in heaven.
CHO.—I must forgive, I do forgive
My every enemy;

For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

- 2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.
3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.
4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His Spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.
5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. KNAPP. Used by per.

No. 146. *See music above.*

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see.
2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
3 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

No. 147. I'M BELIEVING AND RECEIVING.

"Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable." 1 PET. 1: 8.

H. H. R.

Commandant HERBERT BOOTH, by per.

mf Allegretto.



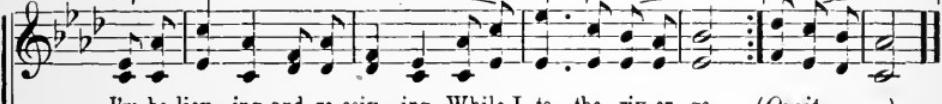
1. Sins of years are washed a-way, Blackest stains be-come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a-long On the cur-rent's cease-less flow,
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless, earth's de-lights and show,
4. Self - i sh - ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know,
5. Fight-ing is a great de-light, Nev - er will you fear the foe,



Dark-est night is changed to day, When you to the riv - er go.
 Sor - row chang-es in - to song, Whén you to the riv - er go.
 All your boast is in the cross, When you to the riv - er go.
 All your treas-ure is a - bove, When you to the riv - er go.
 Armed by King Je-ho-vah's might, When you to the riv - er go.



mf CHORUS.



I'm be-liev - ing and re-ceiv - ing, While I to the riv-er go, (Omit . . .)
 And my heart its waves are cleansing Whiter than (Omit . . .) the driv-en snow.



No. 148. HOW I LOVE THEE.

TUNE—"What a friend we have in Jesus."

1 Precious Jesus, how I love Thee,
 Thou hast done so much for me,
 Thou hast pardoned my transgressions,
 Thou hast given liberty.

Precious Jesns, I will trust Thee,
 When I'm tempted and oppressed,
 Thy great hand will keep me safely,
 Till the storm has o'er me passed.

2 Precious Jesus, Thou hast bought me—
 Bought me with Thy precious blood;
 I belong to Thee, dear Saviour,
 I belong to Thee, my God.

I am Thine to do Thy bidding,
 Thine to go where Thou dost send,
 Thine to tell to those in darkness,
 Thou art every sinner's friend.

3 Light is found alone in Jesus;
 Christ, our Everlasting Light,
 Shine into these hearts, O Saviour,
 Turning darkness into light.
 Help us, Lord, to be more watchful
 O'er our thoughts and actions too.
 While we keep our eyes on Jesus,
 He will keep us ever true.

By M. LOUISA MILLS, New York.

No. 149.

GOING HOME.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff uses an alto C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. Both staves feature eighth-note patterns with various rests and dynamic markings like forte and piano.

No. 150.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff uses an alto C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The music includes a 'CHORUS.' section followed by a section divided into '1' and '2' with a repeat sign.

No. 151. DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

ENGLISH.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses an alto C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a continuous series of eighth-note chords.

CHORUS.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses an alto C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one flat. This section features a more rhythmic pattern than the previous one, with eighth-note chords and some sixteenth-note figures.

No. 152. Music No. 149.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair:
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here a stranger far from home,
Afflictions waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

No. 153. Music No. 150.

1 We praise Thee, O God!
For the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died,
And is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God!
For Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour,
And scatter'd our night.

3 All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins
And has cleans'd ev'ry stain.

4 Revive us again;
Fill each heart with Thy love,
May each soul be rekindled
With fire from above.

No. 154. Music No. 151.

1 I saw a happy pilgrim,
In shivering garments clad,
While traveling up the mountain,
His countenance was glad;
He had no cares nor burdens,
He'd laid them at the cross,
The blood of Christ, his Saviour,
Had cleansed him from all dross.

CHORUS.

Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory,
We shall wear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,

His step seemed very slow,
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come:

3 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain;
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosannah!
Deliverance will come.

No. 155. LOST AFTER ALL.

(Can be sung to tune "After the Ball.")

1 A little child is kneeling by his mother's chair,
Softly repeating sweet words of prayer
"Dear Loving Jesus, Gentle and Mild
Look down, and bless me, thy little child."
Long kneels the Mother, praying that night,
"God bless my treasure, guide him aright"
List to his story, weep o'er his fall,
Through his own madness, lost after all.

REFRAIN.

After the days of childhood;
After a Mother's prayer,
After the years of manhood,
Freighted with joys and cares;
After a thousand chances,
After the final call,
Bitter the wail of a spirit;
Lost after all.

2 Changed is the picture, years have swiftly flown,
Sadly the mother waits all alone.
Waits for her darling where does he roam,
Has he forgotten mother and home?
Hark, there's a footprint, surely, 'tis he,
Oh Heaven help her what does she see?
Inside he staggers, one groan, a fall;
Wrecked by the wine cup, lost after all.

3 Farther and farther from his Mother's God,
Wanders he on in sins road so broad,
Till by the window one stormy night,
He finds her waiting lifeless and white;
Vainly the spirit strives for his soul,
Spurning his God he turns to the bowl
Angels in Heaven, weep o'er his fall,
Still unrepentant, lost after all.

No. 156. THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

Words by Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

Music by W. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I stand all be-wilder'd with wonder, And gaze on the o - cean of love;
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me free;
3. He laid His hand on me and heal'd me, And bade me be ev'-ry whit whole;
4. The Prince of my peace is now passing, The light of His face is on me;

And o - ver its waves to my spir-it Comes peace, like a heaven-ly dove.
But when I had ceas'd from my strug-gles, His peace Je-sus gave un-to me.
I touch'd but the hem of His garment, And glory came thrilling my soul.
But lis-ten, be - lov - ed, He speaketh : "My peace I will give un-to thee."

REFRAIN.

The cross now cov-ers my sins; The past is un-der the blood;

I'm trusting in Je - sus for all; My will is the will of my God.

No. 157. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

- 1 O land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

Chorus.—

We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.
- 4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home,

No. 158. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Arranged.

Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear Him say !
 Happy place, so near, so precious! May it find me there each (*Omit.*) day.

Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past:
 For His love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at (*Omit.*) last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 Where can mortal be more blest ?
 There I lay my sins and sorrows,
 And, when weary, find sweet rest;
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 There I love to weep and pray,
 While I from His fullness gather
 Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O, my Saviour, bless me,
 As I sit low at Thy feet,
 Oh, look down in love upon me,
 Let me see Thy face so sweet;
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
 Make me holy as He is:
 May I prove I've been with Jesus,
 Who is all my righteousness.

No. 159.

WE'LL WORK.

CHORUS.

No. 162. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear,, Leaning on the ev-er-



last - ing arms, What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



REFRAIN.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Save and se-cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the everlast-ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,



No. 163. REVIVE THY WORK. O LORD.

W. A. OGDEN.

-
1. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare,
2. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre-ate soul thirst for Thee,
3. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy precious name,

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make the people hear.
And hung'ring for the bread of life Oh, may our spirits be.
And with the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine inflame.

REFRAIN.

Re-vive Thy work, O Lord, And send re-fresh - ing showers,

The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The blessing shall be ours.

No. 162. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear,, Leaning on the ev - er-

last - ing arms, What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Save and se-ure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the everlast-ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

No. 163. REVIVE THY WORK. O LORD.

W. A. OGDEN

- 
1. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare,
 2. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre-ate soul thirst for Thee,
 3. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex-alt Thy precious name,



Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make the people hear.
And hung'ring for the bread of life Oh, may our spirits be.
And with the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine inflame.

REFRAIN.



Re-vive Thy work, O Lord, And send re-fresh - ing showers,



The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The blessing shall be ours.

No. 164. LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES L. ORR.



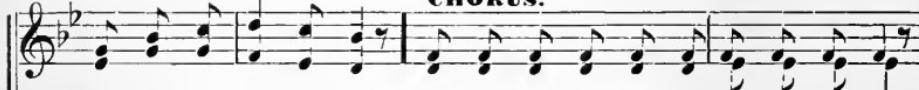
1. Over sin's mountains like sheep a-stray, Precious souls wander far,
2. "Lost on the mountains," oh, hear the cry, Quick to the res-cue, O,
3. Climb the wild pathway so wild and steep, Search thro' the valley so



far a-way; Christ the Good Shepherd so patient and kind, Calleth for
Christian fly! Help the Good Shepherd to gather the lost, Save them that
dark and deep, Seek for the straying ones thro' the dark night, Lov-ing-ly



CHORUS.



help-ers the lost to find.
wan-der what-e'er the cost. Ev-er in glo-ry the an-gel-songs roll,
lead them to Christ the Light.



When to the Saviour we bring a lost soul, Sweeter and loud-er they



swell the glad sound, Tell-ing in glo-ry a lost one is found.



No. 165. ROOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

M. J. H.

MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



1. I heard my loving Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him my sins confessed, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,



Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanctified, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has washed me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.



CHORUS.



Room, Room, yes there is room, Room at the fountain for thee, for thee;



Room, Room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.



6 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
and now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

No. 166. DON'T YOU WANT TO BE THERE?

E. R. LATTA.

JNO. R. BRYANT

SEMI-CHORUS.



1. There's a land of wondrous beau - ty! Don't you want to be there?
2. There's a land of deathless pleas - ure, Don't you want to be there?
3. There's a land with cli-mate ver - nal! Don't you want to be there?
4. There's a land where saints are dwelling, Don't you want to be there?



SEMI-CHORUS.



'Tis the price of Chris-tian du - ty—Don't you want to be there?
And of ev - er - last - ing treas-ure—Don't you want to be there?
'Tis the realm of life e - ter - nal—Don't you want to be there?
They the love of Christ are tell - ing! Don't you want to be there?



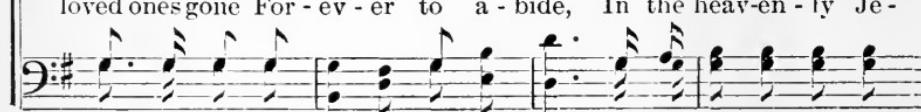
CHORUS.



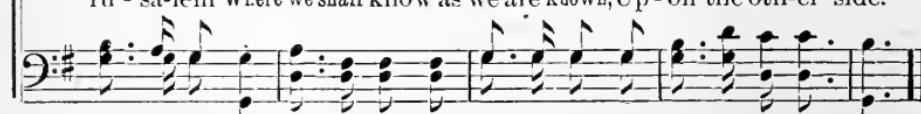
How sweet 'twill be a - round His throne, To sing His praise with



loved ones gone For - ev - er to a - bide, In the heav-en - ly Je -



ru - sa-lém Where we shall know as we are known, Up - on the oth-er side.



No. 167. PRAISE HIM, HALLELUJAH!

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

Arr. by F. McD. H.



1. I learned a pre- cious se - cret, Low down at Je - sus' feet;
2. For once I was in dark-ness, And e - vil pressed me round;
3. No mat-ter how you've wronged Him, Tho' steeped in wick - ed - ness;

CHO.—Oh, praise Him, halle-lu - jah! For love so full and free; O



Come to Him, dear trou-bled soul, And hear the sto - ry sweet;
But when Je - sus called my soul, It was a wel-come sound;
Love and mer - cy beck-on still Your humble soul to bless;



Lamb of God, who saves my soul, All praise I give to Thee;



If hap - pi-ness you're seeking, He gives it full and free;
Now on the Rock of A - ges My feet se - cure - ly stand;
Come, kneel with all your burden Low down at Je - sus' feet;



Up - on the Rock of A - ges My feet se - cure - ly stand;



He'll take a - way your load of sin,—He's tak-en mine for me.
And day by day I sing my way Up t'ward the heav'nly land.
And when His par - don you re-ceive, The bless-ed news re - peat.



And day by day I sing my way Up t'ward the heav'nly land.

No. 168. ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

L. L. PICKETT. By per.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se - cret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;
 2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
 3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He bears them all a - way:
 4. For my words I take His wis-dom, For my works His Spir - it's power,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in His word;
 I have ceas'd from all my struggling, 'Tis no lon - ger I, but He;
 All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
 For my ways His gra - cious Presence Guards and guides me ev - 'ry hour,

I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am feast-ing on His love;
 All my will is yield-ed to HIm, And His Spir - it reigns with-in,
 All my strength I draw from Je - sus, By His breath I live and move;
 Of my heart He is the Por-tion, Of my joy the cease - less Spring;

I have lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God
 And His pre - cious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
 E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
 Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep - er, Glo - ri - ous Lord and com - ing King

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -
 I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -

ABIDING AND CONFIDING. Concluded.

fid - ing in His word, And I'm hid -
fid - ing in His word, And con - fid - ing in His word, And I'm hid - ing, safe - ly
ing, safe - ly hid - ing, In the bos - om of His love.
hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing,

No. 169. KNOWING.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Once I "wished" my sins were pardoned, And for - ev - er washed a -
2. Next, I "hoped" that all was set-tled, But my hopes were full of
3. Then I found that all be - liev - ers May sal - va - tion sure - ly
4. Now I "know" that Je - sus saves me, On His prom - is - es I

CHO. O this know so sal - va - tion, It is all the world to

Repeat for Chorus.

way, But the wish brought no as - sur - ance As I lingered day by day.
fear, Of - ten caus - ing sad de - pres - sion, And my way was nev - er clear.
know, And re - joice in its pos - ses - sion, As they to the judgment go -
rest, And my soul is safe - ly au - chored In the ha - ven of His breast.

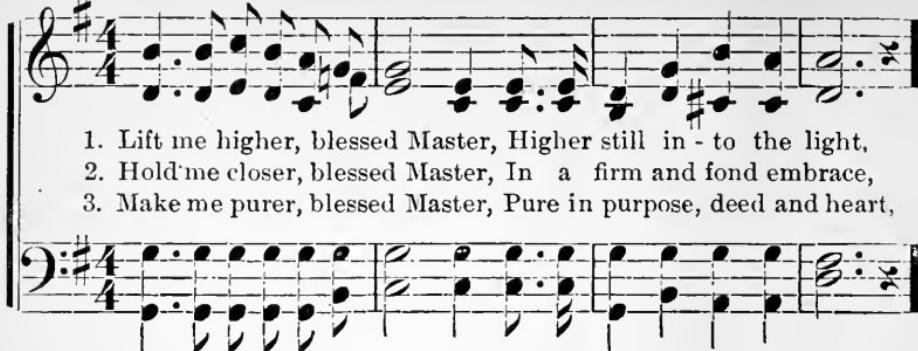
me, For it saves from con - dem - na - tion, And it makes me ful - ly free.

No. 170.

LIFT ME HIGHER.

MAY CORNWELL.

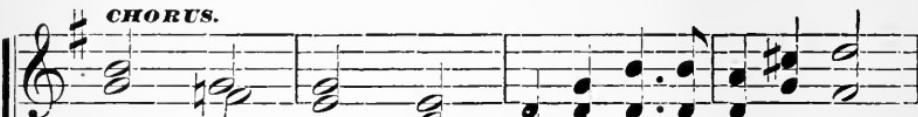
HAMP. H. SEWELL.

- 
1. Lift me higher, blessed Master, Higher still in - to the light,
 2. Hold'me closer, blessed Master, In a firm and fond embrace,
 3. Make me purer, blessed Master, Pure in purpose, deed and heart,

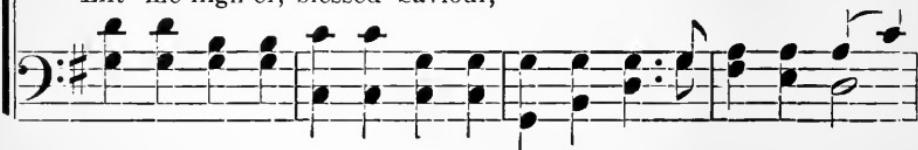
Up above the fearful shadows Of earth's sin and gloom and night.
Let no shadows pass between me And the glo-ry of Thy face.
May the puri - ty of Je - sus Of my own life form a part.



CHORUS.



High - er, Sav - iour, Near-er to Thy pierced side,
Lift me high-er, blessed Saviour,



With Thy loving arms about me, Let me ev - ermore a - bide.



No. 171. GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. "Go ye in - to all the world!" 'Tis the lov-ing Lord's command;
2. Go ye to the souls that mourn, With the gracious gos - pel call;
3. Go ye to the souls that grope, Seeking light and find - ing none;

Let His ban - ner be un-furled O - ver ev - 'ry land.
Tell how Christ their griefs has borne—How He died for all.
Tell them of the Christian's hope, Tell what Christ has done.

CHORUS

Go ye, go ye, Preach the gospel to ev-'ry creature,
Go ye in-to all the world, into all the world, Preach to ev-'ry creature,

Go ye, go ye, I am with you al - way.
Go ye in-to all the world, into all the world, I am with you al - way.

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No. 172. JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

See 44, in The Revival, No. 1. for Music and Chorus.

- 1 Have you ever heard the story
How our Lord before He died
Laid His blessed hands in healing
Upon all who to Him cried,
How the sick and all oppressed ones
He rejoicing sent away?
This He claims to do, beloved,
And He's just the same to-day.
- 2 Have you ever heard the story
Of the Pentecostal day,
When the Holy Ghost descended,
How He had the right of way?
- 3 And with cloven tongues of fire
Inbred sin was swept away?
Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you
He is just the same to-day.
- 3 Have you ever heard the promise
That our risen Lord should come
Down to earth again and gather
All His chosen people home?
Oh, He says He's surely coming,
We must watch as well as pray;
God declares His word unchanging,
He is just the same to-day.

No. 173. WAITING FOR HIS COMING.

Arranged.

HAMP. H. SEWELL, by per.

1. Oh, so oft - en we are wea - ry 'Mid the hur-ry, care and strife;
2. Like a bridegroom He is com-ing, Rescued souls will be His bride;
3. No more go-ing out for - ev - er, No more sorrow, no more tears,

And our souls are ev - er long - ing For the high-er, bet-ter life;
Are our lamps all trimm'd and burning That we may with Him a-bide?
Death and pain can harm us nev - er, Thro' the glad e - ter-nal years.

When the tempest gathers 'round us, Oft we lift our hearts and say:
In the ina - ny mansions ho - ly Jeweled walls and streets of gold,
In the glo - ry of His presence, Which now lights the Jasper sea;

I am waiting for Thy com-ing, Blessed Je-sus, night and day.
Gathered with the meek and low-ly, Safe for-ev - er in His fold.
We will meet the long-lost dear ones Waiting there for you and me.

REFRAIN.

We are wait - - - ing for His com - - - ing,
We are wait-ing, we are waiting for His coming, blessed coming,

WAITING FOR HIS COMING. Concluded.

All His praises we will sing, We are wait - ing
hal - le - lujah, We are waiting, we are waiting

for the com - ing Of our Sav - iour, Lord and King.
for the coming, blessed coming

No. 174.

HE SAVES.

F. McD. H., arr.

1. Oh, Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My redeem - er from all sin,
2. Tho' unseen, I love my Sav - iour, He hath brought salvation near,
3. While the an - gel choirs are cry - ing, Glo - ry to the great I am,
4. An - gels now are hov'ring round us, Un - preceived a - mid the throng,

CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Je-sus saves,

CHORUS. D. C.

Moved by Thy di - vine compas - sion, Who hath died my heart to win.
Man - i-fests His pard - 'ning fav - or, And then Je-sus doth appear.
I with them will still be vie - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
Won'ring at the love that crown'd us, Glad to join the love-ly song.

Yes, He saves me just at this mo-ment, Hal - le - lu - jah, Je-sus saves.

No. 175. BEAUTIFUL BECKONING HANDS.

C. C. L.

C. C. LUTHER.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to - night, Fa - ces all
 2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed
 3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice
 4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watching and
 5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of

shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon life her de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to call - ing oh, moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy-eheek'd darling, the wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a all and the theme of their song, Je - sus, our Sav - ior, the

heav-en - ly home, Beau-ti - ful hands they are beck - on-ing "come." mem - o - ry dear, Beck-on up high - er the wait - ing ones here. light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on-ing "come." sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate-way to - night they ex- tend. pierced one stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck - on - ing hands.

REFRAIN.

Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;

Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.,

No. 176.

THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.

1. In the res-ur - rection morning We will see the Saviour coming, And the
 2. We feel the ad-vent glory While the vision seems to tar-ry, We will
 3. By faith we can dis-cov-er That our warfare'll soon be ov - er, And we'll
 4. We will tell the pleasing story When we meet our friends in glo-ry, And we'll

CHORUS.

sons of God a-shouting in the kingdom of the Lord. We shall rise, we shall
 comfort one anoth-er with the words of Ho-ly Writ.
 shortly hail each other on fair heaven's hap-py shore.
 keep ourselves already for to hail the heav'ly King.

Hal-le-lu-jah!

When the trump of God shall sound, When the

rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
 Praise the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise!

trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall
 sound,

We shall rise, we shall rise! In the resurrection morniung we shall rise!

Halle-lujah!

Praise the Lord,

The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise,

No. 177.

"THE NEW SONG."

H. POLLARD.

CHORUS.

Southern Melody.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song;

FINE.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song.

3

- When the great Ju - bi - lee shall come, Then we'll sing the New Song;
- When the long night of sin shall close, Then we'll sing the New Song;
- When sorrow, pain and death are o'er, Then we'll sing the New Song;
- Where all will be im - mor - tal, fair, Then we'll sing the New Song;

3

End with Chorus.

And Christ shall take His ransom'd home, Then we'll sing the New Song.
 And life's fair day shall end our woes, Then we'll sing the New Song.
 And sighs and tears shall be no more, Then we'll sing the New Song.
 When blood-washed robes are ours to wear, Then we'll sing the New Song.

3

No. 178. CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



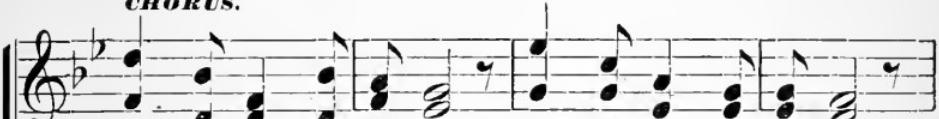
1. From that dear cross where Jesus died, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a - way, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
3. For ev - 'ry contrite, wounded soul, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry, ach-ing heart, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
5. With life and peace up - on its tide, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;



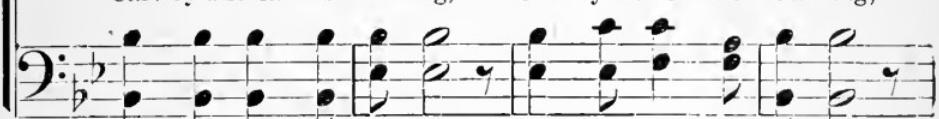
From bleeding hands and feet and side, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
Come, while 'tis called salvation's day, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
Step in just now, and be made whole, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
A ten - der healing to im - part, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
Sweet blessings down the a - ges glide, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;



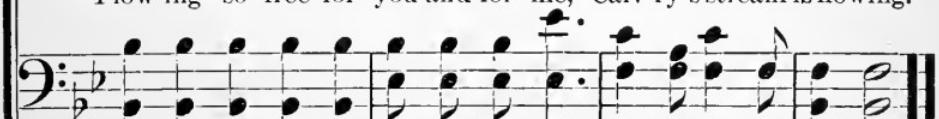
CHORUS.



Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing;



Flow-ing so free for you and for me, Calv'ry's stream is flowing.



REV. B. CARRADINE, D. D.

E. T. RINEHART, M. D.

1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a -
 2. Be - hold! faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heav - y
 3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the ham - mer swung
 4. How they mock him in death To his last lab - 'ring
 5. Then the dark - ness came down, And the rocks rent a -
 6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel a -

way, In a coun - try be - yond the blue sea,
 load, Comes a thorn - crown - ed man on the way!
 low; They are nail - ing my Lord to the tree!
 breath, While his friends sad - ly weep o'er the way!
 round, And a cry pierc'd the sad - lad - en air!
 pace, O - ver men who their Sav - iour have slain!

Where be - neath that fair sky Went a man forth to
 With a cross he is bowed, But still on thro' the
 And the cross they up - raise While the mul - ti - tude
 But tho' lone - ly and faint, Still no word of com -
 'Twas the voice of our King, Who re-ceived death's dark
 But, be - hold! from the sod Comes the bless'd Lamb of

die, For the world and for you and for me.
 crowd He's as - cend - ing that hill lone and gray.
 gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry!
 plaint Fell from him on the hill - ock of gray.
 sting, All to save us from end - less de - spair.
 God, Who was slain, but is ris - en a - gain.

CALVARY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear - drops will
Chorus for last verse.

Shout a - loud, then, my soul, Let the glad tid - ings

start, When in mem - ry that gray hill I see;
roll From the land to the ends of the sea!

For 'twas there on its side Je - sus suf - fered and
That Christ con-quered the grave, And has ris - en to

died, To re - deem a poor sin - ner like me.
save The whole world, and to make us all free.

No. 180. I'M SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

W. E. CATLIN.
Chorus by B. BOOTH

(Arr. for this work by W. J. K.)

Melody by WM. A. HUNTLEY.

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef and the bottom part uses a bass clef. Both parts are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four measures of notes and rests.

1. I've found the pearl of greatest price, More precious far than gold;
2. He is so precious now to me, The fair-est of the fair;
3. The sun can never shine so fair, He's brighter than the day;

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef and the bottom part uses a bass clef. Both parts are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four measures of notes and rests.

CHO.—I'm sat - isfied with Jesus here, He's ev'rything to me;
with Jesus here, He's ev'rything to me;

Fine

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef and the bottom part uses a bass clef. Both parts are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four measures of notes and rests.

No jewel has been found so bright, His wealth can ne'er be told.
There's not a thing in heav'n or earth That can with Him com-pare;
His presence fills my heart with joy, And drives all eare a - way.

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef and the bottom part uses a bass clef. Both parts are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four measures of notes and rests.

His dying love has won my heart, And now He sets me free.
has won my heart, He sets me free.

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef and the bottom part uses a bass clef. Both parts are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four measures of notes and rests.

The rose of Shar-on bright and pure, The fair - est from a - bove,
He's pow - er, glo - ry, and has wealth, He did re-demp-tion bring,
To know He is my dearest friend, My pres - ent help in need,

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef and the bottom part uses a bass clef. Both parts are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four measures of notes and rests.

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef and the bottom part uses a bass clef. Both parts are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four measures of notes and rests.

D.C. CHORUS
No earth-ly jew - el is so fair, He's God's own gift of love.
My Friend, my Comforter, my Guide, My Sav-iour and my King.
Is all my heart could wish for here,'Tis hap - pi-ness in - deed.

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef and the bottom part uses a bass clef. Both parts are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music consists of four measures of notes and rests.

No. 181.

I'LL GO WITH HIM.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. for This Work.

1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,
 2. Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, Tho' He lead me thro' the valley,
 3. Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, Tho' He lead me thro' the garden,

Cho. Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,
 Repeat for Chorus.

I have heard the Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
 Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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- 4 ||:Tho' the path be dark and dreary,:|| 7 ||:I will follow on to know Him,:||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,
 way. Friend.
 5 ||:Tho' He lead me to the conflict,:|| 8 ||:He will give me grace and glory,:||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. He will keep me, keep me all the way.
 6 ||:Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials,:|| 9 ||:Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,:||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 182. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time religion, 'Tis the old time re-

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our
 2. Makes me love ev'-ry-body, Makes me love ev'-rybody, Makes me love ev'-ry-
 3. It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our

li-gion, It's good enough for me.
 mothers, It's good enough for me.
 bod-y, It's good enough for me.
 fathers, It's good enough for me.

4 ||:It was good for the Prophet Daniel,:||
 It's good enough for me.
 5 ||:It was good for the Hebrew Children,:||
 It's good enough for me.
 6 ||:It was tried in the fiery furnace,:||
 It's good enough for me.
 7 ||:It was good for Paul and Silas,:||
 It's good enough for me.
 8 ||:It will do when I am dying,:||
 It's good enough for me.
 9 ||:It will take us all to heaven,:||
 It's good enough for me.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 183.

I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.

I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross.
I shall full salvation find.

CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, saves me, saves me now.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store:
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 184. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

From "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon tide, and the dewy eyes;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

No. 185.

JESUS LIVES!

(For Y. P. C. E. and Epworth Leagues.)

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Mighty ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer-ful song, Send the welcome
 2. Tongues of children, light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee, Sing to all on
 3. Je-sus lives, oh, blessed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords! Lift the cross and

word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me, Bore our sins up - on the tree;
 land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all mankind, Sight for all by sin made blind;
 sheathe the swords, Je-sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall, Throws aside the dreadful pall,

CHORUS.

Now He lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
 Life in Je-sus all may find, Jesus lives! Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow,
 Con-quers death at once for all, Jesus lives! Wait not,

Wait not, wait not,

Rally now and sing for Jesus ev'rywhere you go; Lift your joyful voices high,
 Sing, sing,

Sing for Je - sus,

Repeat Chorus **Rit.** **pp**

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Je - sus lives!

No. 188.

BEAUTIFUL POOL.

COWPER.

WILL M. WALLER.
Har. by CHARIE D. TILLMAN.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his

veins; And sin - ners plunged be -neath that flood, Lose
day; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash

D. S. A fount - ain of life for all man-kind, Go
Fine. CHORUS.

all their guil - y stains. Go wash in that beau-ti-ful
all my sins - a - way.

wash in that beau-ti - ful pool.

pool (beautiful pool), Go wash in that beau-ti - ful pool (beautiful pool);

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.</p> <p>4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply.</p> | <p>Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.</p> <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 189.

A MOTHER'S PLEA.

Dedicated to Sherrard Beatty, of The Rescue Mission, Cincinnati, O., by one of the
Converts.

HUGH MULHOLLAND.

SOLO or DUET.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Dear friends, if to night, Mids't the rain and the sleet, A
 2. O tell him of Je-sus, That the dear boy may know, Though his
 3. Send back to me, With a heart full of glee, The

poor drunken boy On the street you should meet, Re - mem - ber his
 sins be as scarlet, He'll make them as snow. Have him kneel down in
 boy that knelt At his dear mother's knee. She longs to hear him

mother is praying for him. O tell him of
 prayer, As with mother he knelt In the old house at
 tell Je-sus freed him from sin, And has guid-ed him

CHORUS.

Je-sus, And take my boy in!
 home, Where no sor - row was felt. He's some mother's boy; No
 home By the prayers said within.

matter who he be, True love nev-er falters At a dear mother's plea.

No 190. - THE SPIRIT IS CALLING.

L. E. JONES.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not de-lay, But turn, quickly turn from the
2. The Spir-it is call-ing, in ten-der-est voice, Oh, hasten to-day and your
3. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not say no, Escape from a service that's



danger-fraught way; There's safety nowhere but in Je-sus the Lord, So
heart shall rejoice, For with the Redeemer, the tried and oppressed, Shall
freighted with woe; Just come as you are to the foot of the throne And



CHORUS.



come to Him now and be-lieve in His word. The Spir - - - is
find a blest ha - ven of comfort and rest.

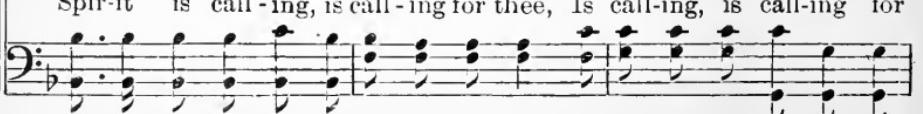
Christ will accept you and make you His own. The Spir-it is call-ing, is



call-ing, Is ten - - - der-ly call - ing; . . . The
call-ing for thee, Is ten - der - ly call-ing, "Oh, come unto me;" The



Spir - - - it is call-ing, . . . Is call - - - ing for
Spir-it is call-ing, is call-ing for thee, Is call-ing, is call-ing for



THE SPIRIT IS CALLING. Concluded

thee. . . Re - sist . . . not His pleading, . . . His
thee, for thee, Re - sist not His pleading, His pleading for thee, His

sweet . . . tender pleading, . . . He's love - ing - ly
sweet tender pleading, His pleading for thee, He's lovingly pleading, "Oh,

plead-ing, . . . "Oh, come . . . un - to me." . . .
come un - to me, Oh, come un-to me; Oh, come un - to me."

No. 191. JESUS WILL SAVE.

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

FINE.

1. { Brother hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Je-sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,
Come receive this great salvation, Je-sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,

D. C. Brother hear the in-vi - ta - tion, Je-sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,

Sent in mer - cy from a - bove, Purchased by re - deeming love;

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2 Jesus calls in sweet compassion ;
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save ;
Don't reject the invitation ;
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save ;
He will set your spirit free.
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee ;
Brother hear the invitation,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

3 Hear that dying intercession,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save ;
He will pardon your transgression,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save ;
Come, ye weary souls, to me,
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee,
Brother hear the invitation,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save

No. 192. JESUS IS ABLE TO SAVE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Je-wus is able to save us from sin, And cleanse us from each guilty stain,
2. Je-wus is a-ble to save us from sin, If we will repent and be-lieve;
3. Je-wus will save you, my brother, this hour, Oh, will you not prove Him and see?



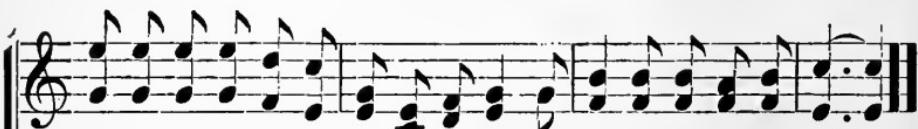
Note who in penitence seek His dear face, Have ever sought it in vain.
All who come trusting His mercy and grace, Shall perfect cleansing receive.
Come! He will pardon and cleanse you from sin, For oh, He saved even me.



CHORUS



Jesus is a-ble to save us from sin; A - ble, yes, a - ble!
Tho' our transgressions be many and deep,



Yes, He is a-ble to pardon and save, And al-so a-ble to keep.



No. 193. WORKING WITH JESUS.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Working with Jesus, I am a reaper, Working with Jesus, for Him souls to gain;
2. Working with Jesus, how He sustains me, Working with Jesus, I'm fed day by day;
3. Working with Jesus, my heart grows lighter, Working with Jesus, I'm cleansed from all sin;
4. Working with Jesus, enduring for Him, Working with Jesus, I'll bear toil and pain;

Working with Jesus, He is my keeper, Working with Jesus, I work not in vain.
Working with Jesus, His love constrains me, Working with Jesus, there's rest on the way.
Working with Jesus, each day grows brighter, Working with Jesus, I'm kept pure within.
Working with Jesus, how I adore Him, Working with Jesus, a crown I shall gain.

CHORUS.

Work - ing with Je - sus, Spreading the wonderful sto - ry of love;
Working with Jesus, spreading the story, story of His love;

Work - ing with Je - sus, Living for life in that haven a-bove.
Working with Jesus, living for glory,

No. 194.

I AM THE LORD'S.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am the Lord's, I've giv'n my-self to Him, Soul, bôd-y, spir-it,
 2. I am the Lord's, be-cause He loves me so, Be-cause He gave Him
 3. I am the Lord's, be-cause He asked for me, Be-cause He stooped to
 4. Dear Sav-iour, I am Thine! take me, I pray, Ac - cept my heart and

all in - to His hands! To work His work, to do His ho-ly will, And
 self on Cal - va - ry; So I to Him most joy-ful-ly would bring My
 say "give me thine heart." Be-cause un-to my long-ing, trust-ing soul He
 fill it with Thy love; Fit me to serve Thee faith-ful-ly be-low, Fit

CHORUS.

to be guid-ed by His blest commands. I am the Lord's . . . and He is
 life, my all, His ev-er-more to be.
 doth His grace and right-eous-ness im-part.
 me to praise Thee joy-ful-ly a - bove. I am the Lord's -

mine, . . . I lean up-on . . . His arm di - vine; . . . Oh, make this
 He is mine, I lean upon His arm divine;

bless - - ed Saviour thine, . . . I am the Lord's and He is mine.
 Oh, make this blessed make Him thine,

No. 195.

"I AM THE VINE."

K. S.

KNOWLES SHAW, by per.

1. I am the vine, and ye are the branch-es, Bear precious fruit for
 2. Now ye are clean, thro' words I have spo - ken, Abid-ing in me, much
 3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walking in love as

Je - sus to - day; The branch that in me no fruit ev - er bear-eth,
 fruit ye shall bear; "Dwell - ing in thee, my promise un-bro-ken,
 chil-dren of day; Fol - low your Guide, He passed on before you,

CHORUS.

Je-sus hath said, "He taketh a - way."
 Glo-ry in heav'n with me ye shall share." I am the vine, and ye are the
 Leading to realms of glo-ri-ous day.

branch-es; I am the vine, be faith-ful and true; Ask what ye will, your

pray'r shall be grant-ed, "The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

Rit.

No. 196. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
 2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting

more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore. And the
 chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies. And the
 all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
 roll is called up you-der, I'll be there. When the roll is
 roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.

called up yon - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
 called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.

yon - der, When the roll is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 197. WHO MAY COME?

E. R. LATTA. Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who may come at the gos-pel call? Whoso-ev-er will! who-so-ev-er will!
2. Who may drink of the living streams? Whoso-ev-er will! who-so-ev-er will!
3. Who may come to the throne of grace? Whoso-ev-er will! who-so-ev-er will!
4. Who may dwell in a man-sion bright? Whoso-ev-er will! who-so-ev-er will!

CHORUS.

Who may sit in the banquet hall? Whoso-ev-er will!
 Who may walk in the heav'nly beams? Whoso-ev-er will! Je-sus is in-
 Who may find at the cross a place? Whoso-ev-er will!
 Who may walk with the saints in white? Whoso-ev-er will!

vit - ing, Whosoever will! Come, and take salvation, Whosoever will!

No. 198. LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

ADA BLENKHORN,

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray's un-
3. Would you go rejoicing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—dark-er still with - in? Clear the darkened windows, open
an-swer'd by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened windows, open
darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows, open

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in. Let the blessed sunshine
the

in, . . . Let the blessed sunshine in; . . . Clear the darken'd
sunshine in, the sunshine in;

windows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

No. 199.

FULL SALVATION.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

MISS DORA BOOLE.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part uses a treble clef, the middle part a bass clef, and the bottom part a bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by '3' over '4'). The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords and single notes.

1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast sav'd me; Thine and only Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was trying To en-joy this perfect rest;
3. Trust-ing, trust-ing, ev'-ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con - se - era - ted to Thy service, I will live and die to Thee;
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je-sus; He has sweetly saved my soul;
6. Glo-ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r !

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same three-part structure (treble, bass, bass) and key signature (B-flat major).

Oh ! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glory to the Lamb !
But I give all try-ing o - ver; Simply trusting, I was blest.
Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to Thy glo - ry Of Sal-va tion full and free.
Cleansed me from inbred corruption, Sanctified and made me whole.
Glo-ry to the blood that keeps me! Glory, glory, ev - er - more !

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same three-part structure and key signature.

CHORUS

A continuation of the musical score, featuring a repeating melodic line for the chorus.

Glory, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glory, glo - ry to the Lamb !

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same three-part structure and key signature.

Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glo-ry to the Lamb !

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same three-part structure and key signature.

No. 200. LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEV.

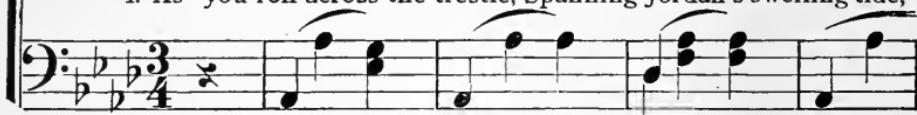
SOLO OR DUET.

Tempo ad lib.

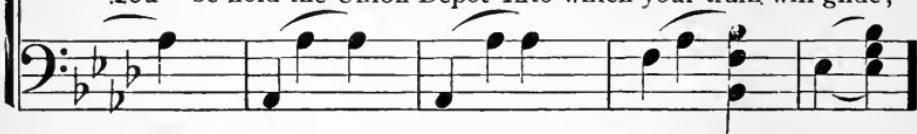
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an engineer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of trial; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will often find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll across the trestle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,



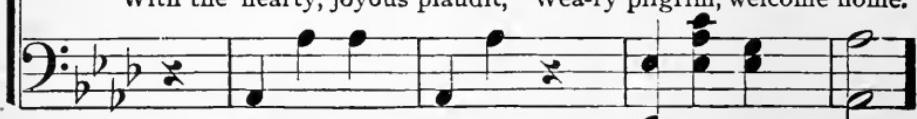
We must make the run successful, From the cradle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train;
You be-hold the Union Depot Into which your train will glide;



Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels; Never falter, never quail;
Always mindful of obstruction, Do your du - ty, never fail;
Put your trust alone in Je-sus; Nev-er fal - ter, never fail;
There you'll meet the Superintendant, God the Father, God the Son,



Rit.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
With the hearty, joyous plaudit, "Wea-ry pilgrim, welcome home."



LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us Till we reach that blissful shore;

Where the an-gels wait to join us In thy praise for evermore.

No. 201. I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.
Fine.

1. Fath - er, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did thine on - ly Son endure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Jesus, could I this believe, I now should feel thy pow'r;
4. Auth - or of faith, to thee I lift My weary, long - ing eyes;

CHO. *I do be-lieve, I now believe, That Jesus died for me;*

D. S.

If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 What pain, what labor to se-cure My soul from end-less death?
 And all my wants thou wouldest relieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 202. THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

H. H. B.

DUET

COMMANDANT BOOTH

1. Sav - iour, hear me while be-fore Thy feet I the
 2. Back with all the guilt my spir - it bears, Past the
 3. Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no
 4. All the riv - ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver

rec - ord of my sins re - peat, Stained with guilt, myself ab-
 haunting memo - ries of years, Self and shame and fear de-
 seeking soul should be de - nied? To that heart its sins con-
 ev - 'ry promise write my name: As I am I come be-

hor - ring, Filled with grief, my soul out-pour - ing,
 spis - ing, Foes and taunting fiends surpris - ing,
 fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
 liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, receiv - ing,

Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to
 Sav - iour, to Thy cross I press my way, And a
 By the love and pit - y Thou hast shown, By the
 Bid me rise a freed and par - doned slave; Mas - ter

THE PENITENT'S PLEA. Concluded.

set my shackled spir - it free? Raise my sinking heart, and
brok-en heart be-fore it lay; Ere I leave, oh, let me
blood that did for me a - tone, Bold - ly will I kneel be-
o'er my sin, the world, the grave, Charg - ing me to preach Thy

CHORUS.

bid me be Thy child once more! (once more!) Grace there
hear Thee say, It shall be thine! (be thine!)
fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
plead-ing soul.
pow'r to save To sin - bound souls.
sin-bound souls. Grace there is my

is my ev'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev'ry sin a-way,
ev -'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev'ry sin a-way,

Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!
Pow'r to keep me sin-less day by day,

No. 203. STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

The Highway.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty re - joice; For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui-ty free? Oh, poor troubled
 4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

wait - ing to com - fort you now; Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing now to the
 soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, weary one, in the
 un - der, that cleanses us through: It cleanses me now, hal-le -

word of thy God. Step out on the promise, get under the blood.
 ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise, get under the blood.
 bos - om of God. Step out on the promise, get under the blood.
 lu - jah to God. I rest on the promise, I'm under the blood.

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204.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 205. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev'-ry condition—in sickness, in health; In pov - er-ty's
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed! I, I am thy



faith in his ex - cellent word! What more can he say than to
vale, or a-bounding in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



you he hath said, You who un-to Je - sus for refuge have fled?
land, ou the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, omni-potent hand.



4 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy sup-
ply:
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only de-
sign
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fuge.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people
shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for
repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never, no, never, NO, NEVER forsake."

No. 206. WONDERFUL IS THE SAVIOUR.

G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.



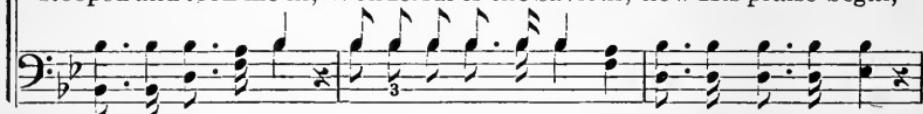
1. Wonderful is the Saviour, hear the angels sing; Wonderful is the Saviour,
2. Wonderful is the Saviour on a stormy sea; Wonderful is the Saviour,
3. Wonderful is the Saviour when I'm in despair, Wonderful is the Saviour,
4. Wonderful is the Saviour in Geth-sem-a-ne; Wonderful is the Saviour,
5. Wonderful is the Saviour, I was lost in sin; Wonderful loving Jesus,



wise men tribute bring; Wonderful is the Saviour, I have crowned Him King;
"Peace, be still," said He; Wonderful is the Saviour, ev'ry wave did stay;

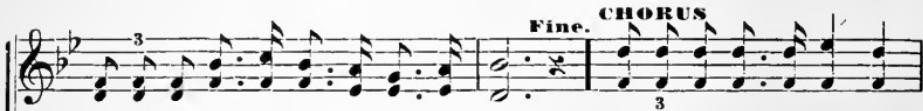
He is always there; Wonderful is the Saviour, cast on Him your care;

dy-ing on the tree; Wonderful is the Saviour, it was all for me;
stooped and took me in; Wonderful is the Saviour, now His praise begin,



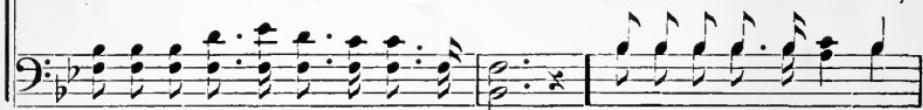
D.S.—Shedding His precious life-blood on the cursed tree;

Fine. CHORUS



Wonderful is the Saviour now to me.

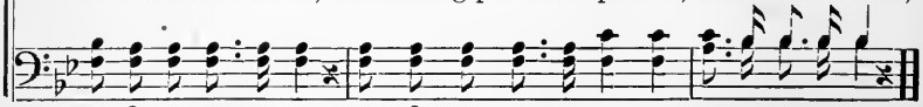
Wonderful is the Saviour,



Wonderful is the Saviour now to me.



wonderful now to me; Purchasing peace and pardon, all so full and free;



No. 207. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright,
1. There's mu-sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to - day And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - ny earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For blessings which He gives me now, For joys 'laid up' a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - - shine,
 sunshine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace-ful, hap - py moments roll:
 hap-py moments roll:

When Je - sus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.

No. 208. SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je-sus, He is all in all to me;
 2. Sweetly sat - is - fied with Je-sus, Not with a - ny hope be-side,
 3. Ev - er sat - is - fied with Je-sus, When the summer roses bloom,
 4. I am sat - is - fied with Je-sus, May His grace a - bun-dant be,

In my heart His love is springing Like a fount-ain glad and free.
 For the spir-it's thirst and hunger, No where else can be supplied.
 When the win-tr-y snows are drifting, Then His smile will light the gloom.
 All His ho - ly will ac-com-plish, Till He's sat - is - fied with me.

There is "now no con-dem-na-tion" To a soul be-neath the flow
 Not with a - ny past at-tain-ment, A-ny good my hands may do,
 He has prom-ised to be with me, And His love is joy di-vine,
 When—all praise to His sal - va-tion,—Gates of pearl shall o - pen wide,

D. S. In my heart His love is spring-ing Like a fount-ain glad and free;

Of the stream from Calvary's mountain Cleansing whiter than the snow.
 On - ly Je - sus, precious Saviour, Gives me peace, a - bid-ing, true.
 While I hear the gen - tle whis-per, I am His, and He is mine.
 I shall wake up in His like-ness, There, for - ev - er, "sat - is-fied."

And I know that Je-sus loves me, For He gave Him-self for me."

SATISFIED WITH JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

3

I am sat - is - fied, per - fect - ly sat - is - fied; I am

sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He is all in all to me,

WM. B. BRADBURY.

E. MOTE.



1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In
3. His oath, His covenant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood; When

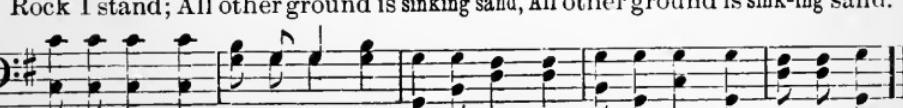
CHORUS.



dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
ev'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the vale, On Christ, the sol-id
all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.



Rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sink-ing sand.



No. 210.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

(FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.)

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

3

1. There's a time that is com - ing at last,
2. And the pris - on shall close ev - 'ry door,
3. When the church and the state shall a - rise

Oh, has-ten the
And the poor-hous-
In strength of their

long-looked for day, When the rum-fiend no shack-les can cast,
es teuantless stand, When the dram-shop shall darken no more
vir - tue and might, And improve ev - 'ry mo - ment that flies,

f CHORUS.

For all Christians will vote as they pray.
The dear homes of our beau-ti-ful land.
In the dar-ing to vote for the right.

Oh, the hap - py time is

coming, yes, it's coming, It was long, long, long on the
coming, coming,

VOTE AS YOU PRAY. Concluded.

way; (it is coming,) Oh, the hap - py time is coming, yes, it's

Repeat Chorus p.

coming (coming, coming), When Christians will vote as they pray.

No. 211. I'LL BE THERE TO VOTE.

Arr. by R. E. HUDSON.
Re-arr. by CHARLIE D TILLMAN.

1. { For God and home and na-tive land, Our watchword still shall be; }
- { From rum, foul rum, from ruined homes, We'll vote for lib - er - ty. }
2. { We've tried to stop this curse of rum, We've tried both pray'rs and tears; }
- { We ask for home pro-tec-tion laws, They answer us with sueers. }
3. { We've tried high license, but it failed To stop the curse of rum; }
- { We ask for Pro - hi - bi - tion now, Pro - tec - tion to our homes. }
4. { To those who compromise with rum We now must say good-bye; }
- { To stop the traf - fic, not to tax, We'll fight un-til we die. }

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the time comes to vote, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,

No. 212.

WONDERFUL WORDS.

ANNA E. RYDER.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

-
1. Wonderful words our Father has giv'n,—Sent them to show us the pathway to heav'n.
2. Wonderful words, so loving and true, Won-der-ful message to me and to you,
3. Wonderful! wonderful! how can it be? Wonderful home, now in waiting for me!

Wonderful Bible! so simple, that e'en A child may un-der-stand.
Wonderful story! so old, yet so new, So glorious and so grand!
Wonderful beauty our glad eyes shall see, When we're at God's right hand.

CHORUS.

Won - derful words, . . . won - derful words,
Wonderful words, wonderful words, wonderful words, wonderful words,

Won - derful words, . . . That we may un - der - stand.
Wonderful words, wonderful words,

No. 213. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY F. LYTE.

MOZART.

-
1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee ;
2. Let the world despise, forsake me, They have left my Savior, too ;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ! Come, disaster, scorn and pain !

Na-ked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, untrue ;
In thy service, pain is pleasure ; With thy fa - vor, loss is gain.

Perish ev'-ry fond ambi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known ;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
I have called thee, "Abba, Father," I have stayed my heart on thee ;

Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

No. 214. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. { Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
} While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
2. { Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; }
Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone! Still support and comfort me,
3. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within; }

Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 215.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.
FINE.

D. C.

No. 216. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, By per.

1. Oh, do - not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a-against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de-lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re - quite?
- Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - ed none Who would to him their souls u - nite;

CHORUS.

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why
 This is the time, oh, then be wise. Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Renounce at once thy stub-born will. Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why not to-night?
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done

not to-night? why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

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No. 217. COME, EVERY SOUL.



1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
 There's mercy with the Lord,
 And He will surely give you rest,
 By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
 Only trust Him now;
 He will save you, He will save you,
 He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow;

Plunge now into the crimson tide
 That washes white as snow.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus now;
 He will save you, He will save you,
 He will save you now.

3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
 I'm coming now to Thee,
 Since Thou hast made the way so clear
 And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
 I will trust Him now;
 He will save me, He will save me,
 He will save me now.

No. 218.

BRING THEM IN.

ALEXENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,



Calling the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold away,
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."



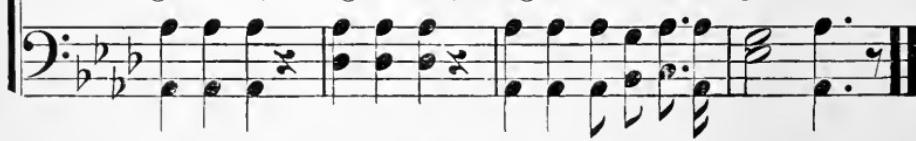
CHORUS.



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je-sus.



No. 219.

ONCE I WANDERED.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Once I wandered far from Je-sus, Weari - ly in paths of sin,
2. Once I turned from Christ the Sav-i-or, Turned from his lov-ing call,
3. He has giv-en joy for sor-row, Pleasure sends instead of pain,



Then I turned to him for mer - cy And he took me in.
 Now I free - ly give un - to him My heart, my life, my all.
 While I count in his blest ser - vice Loss to be my gain.

**CHORUS.**

Blessed Je - sus, all compas-sion, Wondrous full of love thou art,



Here I give thee all for - ev - er, Give thee all my heart.



No. 220. ANYWHERE HE WANTS ME.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. A - nywhere He wants me; Jesus is the way; Anywhere He wants me;
2. A - nywhere He wants me, Be it near or far, He will go be-fore me—
3. A - nywhere He wants me, I will do and dare; Any-thing He sends me,

I will go to - day; When the Shepherd calls me I will heed His voice;
Be my guid-ing star; A - ny-where He wants me I will never fear;
I will glad-ly bear; Whether joy or sor-row, Whether ease or pain,

CHORUS.

A-ny-where He wants me, There will I rejoice.

A-ny-where He wants me, Shadows disappear. Anywhere He wants me;
I will count it bless- ing And e-ter-nal gain.

He is there to bless; A - ny-where He wants me, He will give success;

Anywhere He wants me Precious seed to sow, Anywhere He wants me I will go.

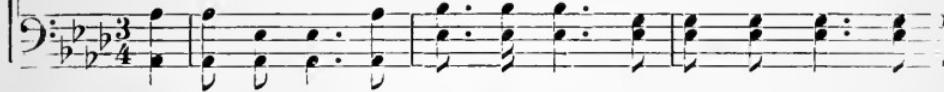
No. 221. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.



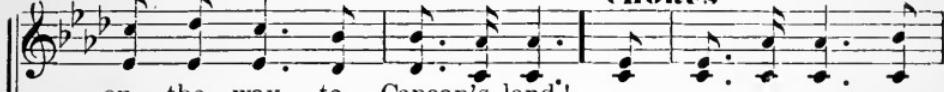
1. From Egypt's cru - el bondage fled, O - be-dient to our
2. Thro' wil-der-ness - es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit-ten rock con-trols, A crys-tal stream our
4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on-ward
5. Ere long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ransomed host at



Lord's command, And by His word and Spir - it led, We're
steps a-right; Be - hold, to prove His pre-sence here, The
need supplies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint-ing souls With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose
His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel-come sweet From



CHORUS



on the way to Canaan's land!
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, a
presence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Canaan's land!



pil-grim band, We're on the way to Canaan's land, Di-



vine-ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.



No. 222. HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the ages rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
 2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
 3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll; To the guilty heart, to the

mortal tongue, 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is mortal strain, 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain, "Our God is

sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is

a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - able to de - a - ble, He is a - ble,

liv - er thee, He is a - - - able to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by a - ble, He is a - ble

sin opprest, Go to Him for rest; Our God is a - ble to de-liv-er thee.

No. 223. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the promis-es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Standing on the promis-es I now can see, Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
5. Standing on the promis-es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ry

a - ges let His prais-es ring, Glo - ry in the high-est, I will
storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv - ing Word of God, I
cleansing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er - ty where
ter - nal-ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the
moment to the Spir-it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - iour, as my

CHORUS.

shout and sing, Standing on the promis-es of God. Stand - ing,
shall pre-vail, Standing on the promis-es of God.
Christ makes free, Standing on the promis-es of God.
Spir-it's sword, Standing on the promis-es of God.
all in all, Standing on the promis-es of God. Standing on the promise,

stand - ing, Standing on the promis-es of God, my Sav-iour,
Standing on the promise,

Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the promises of God.
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

No. 224. WEARY, HEAVY-LADEN COME.

G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Oh, faint-ing soul, by sin oppressed, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
2. Ye palsied, maimed, ye halt and blind, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
3. In the Father's house are mansions fair, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
4. There's a city fair with streets of gold, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
5. Tho' your garments are all stained with sin, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
6. While the Master calls, do not delay, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;

Come unto Christ and find sweet rest, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
 Ye need not one be left behind, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
 Which He'll give to you when you getthere, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
 There's a victor's palm with joys untold, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
 If you'll repent He'll take you in, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
 But come to Jesus while you may, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.

CHORUS.

Will you come, (will you come.) Will you come, (will you come.) With your

bur - den will you come, (ye lost ones,) Come home, ye lost ones whom

Je - sus died to save, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y - la - den, come, (come home.)

No. 225.

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D.

With expression.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the
 2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is
 1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly

way; I am safe when by Thy side,
 roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 past, To the land of end-less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

CHORUS.

I would in Thy love a - bide.
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly. Lead me, lead me.
 Where all tears are wiped a - way.
 in Thy love a-bide.

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I strav; Gen - tly down the stream of
 lest I stray;

Rit - e - dim.

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav iour, all the way. (all the way.)

No. 226. EVERY HOUR I NEED THY BLESSING.

ELIZABETH J. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON

1. Ev'-ry hour I need Thy blessing, Ev'ry moment need Thy care,
2. Ev'-ry hour I need Thy blessing, Daily need Thy wondrous love,
3. Ev'-ry hour I need Thy blessing, Ev'ry moment need Thy care,

Lord to Thee I come con-fess-ing, All the sins that me ensnare; Bless the Love so tender, so protecting, Coming from Thy throne above; For Thy Un-till Thou my soul possessing, Shall reflect Thine image there; Then to

thoughts that come each moment, Make them true and pure and fair, Like to lov-ing care and blessing, Make me thankful day by day, Be my Christ the King of Glo-ry, He who bought me with great price, I shall

CHORUS.

Thine our great atonement, Beautiful beyond compare. Come, oh come, Thou lov-ing walk and dai-ly living, Praising Christ the Living Way. sing the old, old sto-ry, Christ my Lord, my sac - ri-fice. Come, oh come, Thou

Sav - iour, Take me in Thy ten - der care, Watch and loving Saviour, come, Take me in Thy ten - der care,

Every Hour I Need Thy Blessing. Concluded.

guide me ev'-ry mo - ment, And my soul for Thee prepare.
Watch and guide me ev'-ry moment, come, And my soul for Thee prepare.

No. 227. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the pen - i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently;
grace can re-store: Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness,
Lord will provide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS

Tell them of Je-sus the mighty to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Rescue the perishing,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has died,

Care for the dy - ing: Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 228. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L.

Music by R. LOWRY. By per.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses treble clef and common time (indicated by a '4'). The middle staff uses bass clef and common time (indicated by a '4'). The bottom staff uses bass clef and common time (indicated by a '4'). The first section contains three stanzas of lyrics:

- What can wash a-way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
- What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
- For my par-don this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
- For my cleansing, this my plea,— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

The second section, labeled "CHORUS.", begins with the lyrics "Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount I know," followed by a repeating musical phrase.

The third section contains three more stanzas:

- Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 229. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

Unknown.

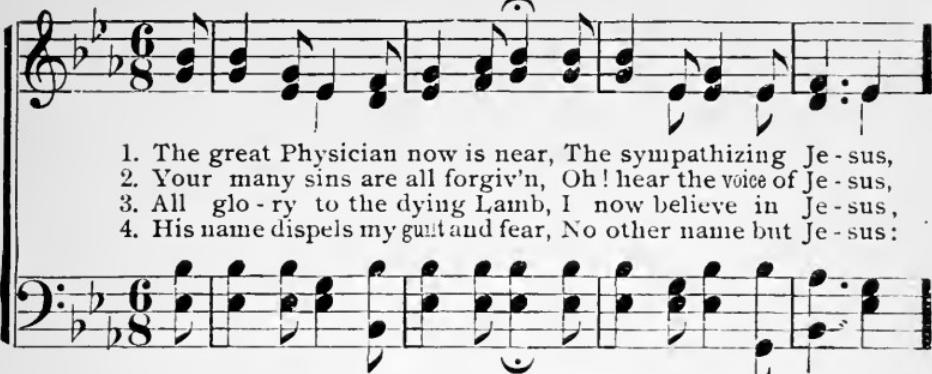
The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses treble clef and common time (indicated by a '4'). The bottom staff uses bass clef and common time (indicated by a '4'). The score includes two endings:

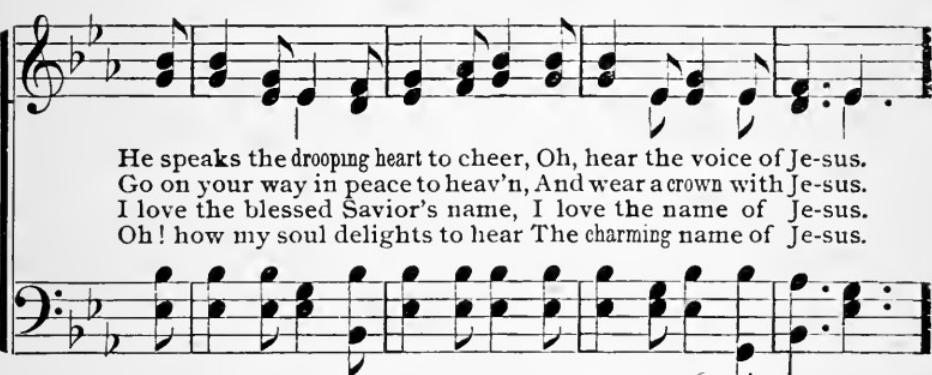
1: The first ending concludes with a "FINE." The second ending begins with "D. C." (Da Capo).

- There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
- Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 230. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

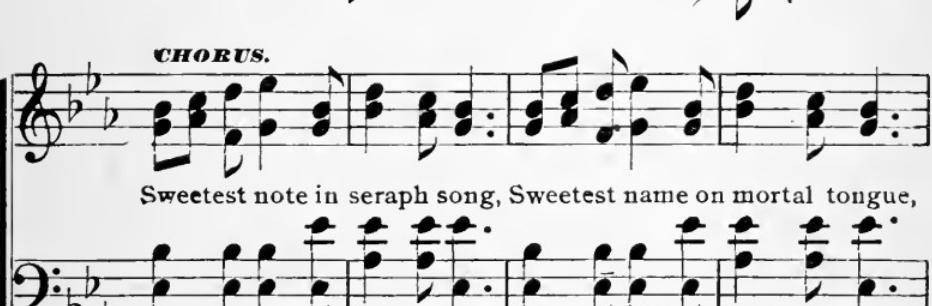
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

- 
1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Je-sus,
 2. Your many sins are all forgiv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus,
 3. All glo-ry to the dying Lamb, I now believe in Je-sus,
 4. His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Je-sus:

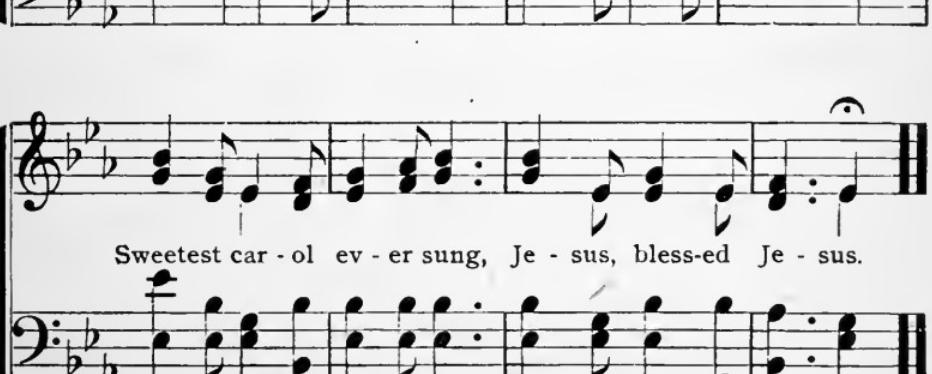


He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
I love the blessed Savior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
Oh! how my soul delights to hear The charming name of Je-sus.

CHORUS.



Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,



Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

No. 331. FORWARD LEAGUERS.

DEDICATED TO EPWORTH LEAGUES.

REV. T. W. BARKER.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Come ye Epworth band, Forward ev'ry man, Let us take the land
 2. Marching on we go, Let us meet the foe, Faith in Christ we know
 3. We are leaguers strong, Forward is our song, As we march a-long
 4. When our work is done, And our race is run, And the bat-tle won

for the Lord; Keep your armor bright, Stand firm for the right,
 must prevail; Walk-ing in the light, Shield and banner bright,
 on the way; Let us shout and sing, And the sin-ner bring,
 here be-low; We will climb the heights, And en-joy delights,

CHORUS.

With your eyes upon his ho - ly word.
 Fighting for the right we can not fail. Forward leaguers, rally round the
 Unto Christ, our King, as we all pray.
 And as we are known we all shall know.

Cornet.

standard Epworth-Leaguers let us march a-long; Forward leaguers,

shout, a-loud ho-san-na, Christ is Captain and will lead us on.

No. 232.

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, By per.

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for
 2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je-sus so
 3. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor

cleans-ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the
 sweet-ly abides with-in, Saves me each mo-ment, and
 soul at the Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be

D. S. Now to my heart is the
Fine. CHORUS.

blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to his name!
 keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his name! Glo-ry to his
 made com-plete, Glo-ry to his name!

blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to his name!

D. S.
 name! Glo-ry to his name!
 Glo-ry to his name! Glo-ry to his name!

No. 233.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small,
 Chi'd of weakness, watch and pray:
 Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all!
 All to Him I owe;
 Sin had left a crimson stain:
 He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim;

I'll wash my garment white
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
 Then "Jesus paid it all!"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
 I stand in Him complete,
 I'll lay my trophies down,—
 All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 234. 'Twas Rum that Spoiled My Boy.

Rev. L. F. COLE.

MARTIN TOWNE.

With pathos.

1. I have seen a mother weeping, O'er a lit - tle pal - lid
 2. I have known a mother wait-ing, Waiting while the years rolled
 3. I have seen a mother pac-ing On the shore where breaks the
 4. Gaze in - to the eyes cher-u - bie; Rain your kiss - es on his

A musical score page showing two staves. The top staff is for the orchestra, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of three flats, and a common time signature. It consists of four measures of music, each containing a single eighth-note followed by a sixteenth-note. The bottom staff is for the basso continuo, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of three flats, and a common time signature. It also consists of four measures, with the first measure containing a bass note and the subsequent three measures containing a single eighth-note.

face; I have seen her kiss the fore - head, Seen the
by, Start-ing from her dreams at mid-night, Wait - ing,
sea, Pleading with the storm-y wa - ters, "Give, oh,
cheek; Clasp him fond - ly to your bos - om, Feel the

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in G clef, 2/4 time, and B-flat major. The top staff shows measures 1-4, starting with a half note followed by a quarter note. The bottom staff shows measures 1-4, starting with a half note followed by a quarter note.

Rit

A tempo

last, sad, fond em - brace; I have seen her heav - y,
watch-ing ea - ger - ly; For her boy, long lost and
give my boy to me!" But by waves by far more
thrill you can - not speak; Link your - self to God and

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef, both in B-flat key signature. The music consists of four measures. Measure 1: Treble staff has a dotted half note followed by a quarter note, eighth note, eighth note, and sixteenth note. Bass staff has a half note followed by a dotted half note. Measure 2: Treble staff has a dotted half note followed by a quarter note, eighth note, eighth note, and sixteenth note. Bass staff has a half note followed by a dotted half note. Measure 3: Treble staff has a dotted half note followed by a quarter note, eighth note, eighth note, and sixteenth note. Bass staff has a half note followed by a dotted half note. Measure 4: Treble staff has a dotted half note followed by a quarter note, eighth note, eighth note, and sixteenth note. Bass staff has a half note followed by a dotted half note.

'Twas Rum that Spoiled My boy. Concluded.

heart-sore, Turn - ing toward her home a - gain; And I've
wan-d'ring In some strange and dis - tant land, And I've
cru - el, Waves that drowned my sweet-est joy, I am
heav - en, All your moth - er - love em - ploy, That your

en - vied her her sad-ness, There was much to soothe her pain.
thought, oh, blest the watcher! Hop-ing yet to clasp his hand.
sit - ting and la-men-ting, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy.
lips may nev-er fal - ter, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my darling, Rum, enthroned but to destroy:

Drive the monster from the nation, Then you'll shout, "We've saved the boy."

No. 235. RALLY 'ROUND THE CROSS.

THE BATTLE SONG OF VICTORY.

E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. A - gain we have come in Je - ho - vah's name, The bat - tle to
 2. When Is - rael of old marched a - round the wall, They blew with their
 3. Our fa - thers, we know, to the Lord were true, They took up the
 4. We all must en-gage if a crown we'd wear, And yon - der with
 5. The con - flict will soon be for - ev - er o'er, The summons will

fight and the vic-tr-y gain, We'll gird on the ar - mor and to the con-flict
 trumpets and shouted all; Then down came the walls, and they took the mighty
 sword and they battled thro'; They're safe now in glo - ry and looking down to -
 Je - sus the glo - ry share; Then let all be true as we in - to bat - tle
 come from the oth - er shore; And then home to glo - ry re - joic - ing we will

go, And in the name of Jeⁿsus we'll con-quer ev - 'ry foe.
 king; To God they gave the glo - ry, who did sal - va - tion bring.
 night, They call to you and me to be faith - ful in the fight.
 go, And res - cue ev - 'ry sin - ner from death and all its woe.
 go, To praise Him for the vic - tr-y He gave us here be - low.

CHORUS.

Then ral - ly! ral - ly! ral - ly round the cross! No one ev - er there will suf - fer

RALLY 'ROUND THE CROSS. Concluded.

loss; And in the name of Je - sus we'll face the dead - ly foe,

And vic - to - ry will perch up - on our ban - ner as we go.

No. 236.

IF WE KNEW.

Christian World.

WM. M. WALLER. per. of author.

1. If we knew when walking thoughtless In the noi - sy, crowd-ed way,
If we knew what forms were faint-ing For the shade that we should fling;
If we knew when friends around us Close-ly press to say "good-bye,"

FINE.

That some pearl of won-drous whiteness Close be - side our path-way lay.
If we knew what lips were parch-ing For the wa - ters we could bring;
Which a - mong the lips that kissed us, First would 'neath the dai - sies lie,

D.S. Lest our care - less feet should trample Some rare jew - el to the ground.
Bear-ing cups of cool - ing wa - ter, Plant-ing rows of sha - dy palms.
Ten - der words of love e - ter - nal We would whis - per in their ears.

We would pause where now we has - ten; We would of - ten look a - round,
We would haste with ea - ger foot-steps, We would work with will - ing hands,
We would elasp our arms a - round them, Looking on them thro' our tears.

D.S.

No. 237. I KNOW I LOVE THEE BETTER, LORD.

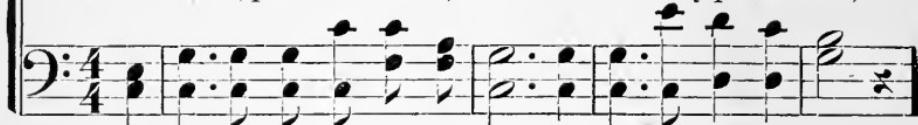
"Behold, the half was not told."—1 KINGS 10:7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

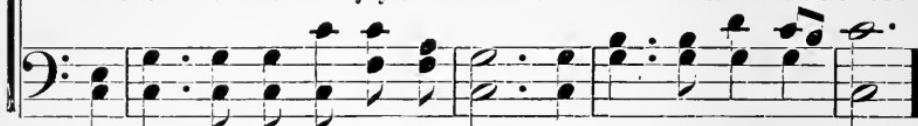
R. E. HUDSON. By per.



1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than a - ny earth-ly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy presence be,



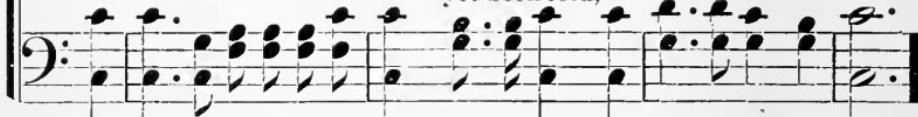
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet-er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
Without the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



CHORUS.



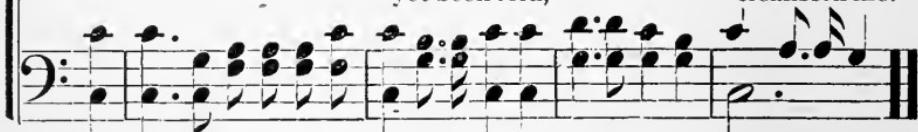
The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told,



Bit.



The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, cleanseth me!



No. 238. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.

Arranged by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



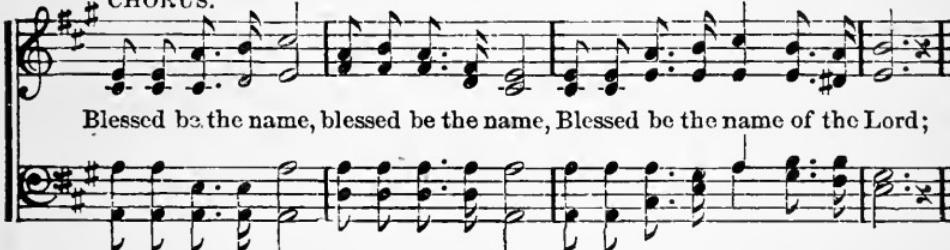
1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su-preme,
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Exalt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Saviour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,



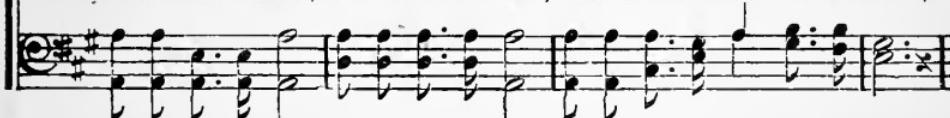
Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast devised sal - vation's plan, For thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms conquer-or, Whose reign shall never cease.



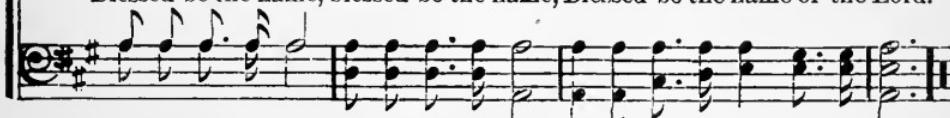
CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.</p> | <p>6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 239.

GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

I. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, be-neath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains }
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ri-ous fount-ain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb. ||: Thy pre-cious blood, ||:
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God, ||:
Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream, ||:
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: love, has been my theme, ||:
And shall be till I die.

No. 240.

I GAVE MY LIFE.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransom'd be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light—
My glory circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and alone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Has thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

No. 241. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. ROBLIN.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - train, (re - train,) I sing it a -
 debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth - er foun -
 heart with this peace did a-bound, (a - bound,) In Him the rich
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but

gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from a - bove, (a - bove,) Oh,

Rit.

won-der-ful, wonder - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

No. 242. CAN A BOY FORGET HIS MOTHER?

(Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. R. G. Chandler, Coldwater, Mich.)

J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per

1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From - which he
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny

wan - dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "good -
years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "good -

CHORUS.

shame, But moth-er's pray'rs are heard the same!
sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet! Come back, my
bye, Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"
bye," She waits to wel - come thee on high!

boy, come back, I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way! Come back, my

boy, come back I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way!

No. 243. DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

(An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?")

W. A. W.

W. A. WILLIAMS.



Where is my wand'ring boy to-night? Down in the licensed sa-loon.



1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of
2. Learning new vic - es all the night long, Tempt-ed to all that's
3. Lit-tle arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my
4. Brother, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy



ma - ny a light, Beau-ti-ful mu - sic the ear to de-light, Down in the
sin - ful and wrong, List - en-ing to the harlot's foul song, Down in the
poor heart will break! Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, Down in the
down there to-night, Ru-ined and wrecked by the drink ap-pe-tite, Down in the



li-icensed sa - loon. There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my



wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the li-icensed sa - loon?



No. 244. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

Words and Music by I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev -'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
 err - ing in the way, That leads to heav'n a - bove, where
 Je - sus' pow'r to save, All who will tru - ly come, shall
 err - ing to thy word, That points to joys on high, where

I will

FINE.

bus - y ev -'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.
 all is peace and love, In the king-dom of the Lord.
 find a hap - py home, In the king-dom of the Lord.
 pleasures nev - er die, In the king-dom of the Lord.

la - bor ev -'ry day. In the vine-yard of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

D. S.

vine-yard of the Lord, (of the Lord), I will work, I will pray,

No. 245. MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Mrs. M. E. W.

Slow and with great expression.

Mrs. M. E. WILLSON, by per.

Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.

1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my infant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my aching brow,
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her coffin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them again once more,

Yet my moth-er's hands were the fairest And love-li-est hands of all.
 They guided my feet into pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rugged ways.
 They cooled the fever and eased the pain; Me-thinks I can feel them now.
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
 And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As quiet and peaceful she lay.
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav-ly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.

CHORUS.

My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,

I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beantiful hands.

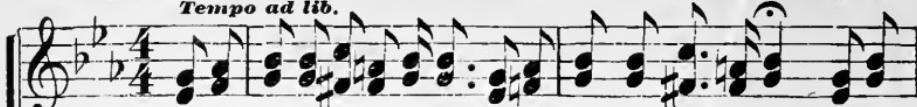
No. 246. THERE'S A HEAVEN IN THE HEART

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS

Tempo ad lib.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Look not far away, my brother, Far away to distant lands, Where, when
2. Are you weary, heavy laden, With the toil of many years? There is
3. Is there lack of love, my brother, Love of neighbor, kindred, friend? Love of



life and toil are ended, We may tread those golden strands, Heaven
joy within the present, Tho' we see it thro' our tears, Darkest
him above all other, Kind, in-dulg-ing to the end? Love and



is not near so distant, If we will but choose the part, Cheer up,
clouds will quickly scat-ter, If we will but choose the part, Cheer up,
mer-cy, oh, how precious! Choose ye, then, poor Ma-ry's part, Cheer up,



brother, sing and labor, There's a heav-en in the heart.
brother, sing and labor, There's a heav-en in the heart.
brother, sing and labor, There's a heav-en in the heart.



There's a Heaven in the Heart. Concluded.

CHORUS.
A tempo.

There's a heav - en in the heart,
heav-en in the heart, in the lov-ing Christian heart,

There's a heav - en in the heart,
heav-en in the heart, in the lov-ing Christian heart,

There's a heav - en in the heart,
heav-en in the heart, in the lov-ing Christian heart,

There's a heav-en in the lov-ing Christian heart.

No. 247.

LORD REVIVE US.

1. { Come thou Fount of ev -'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
 Streams of mercy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }

D. C. Lord revive us, oh, revive us, All our help must come from thee.

CHORUS.

Lord revive us, oh, revive us, All our help must come from thee.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,—
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come,
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wandering from the fold of God;

He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be;
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind me closer, Lord, to thee.

6 Prone to love thee, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to love thee and adore,
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Wholly thine forever more.

No. 248.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power,
 ||: He is able, he is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more. :||

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 ||: Without money, without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :||

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 ||: Not the righteous, not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call. :||

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 ||: This he gives you, this he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam. :||

No. 249. SAVIOUR, WASH ME IN THE BLOOD.

COWPER.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

CHORUS.

Sav-i-or, wash . . . me in the blood, . . . Savior,
Savi-or, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior,

wash . . . me in the blood, . . . Oh, wash . . . me in the
wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the blood, in the

blood, the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 250. I Have It in My Soul, Hallelujah!

Dedicated to my friend William P. Pratt, Portland, Maine.

rev. E. S. UFFORD.

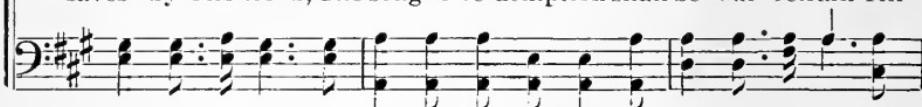
E. S. U.



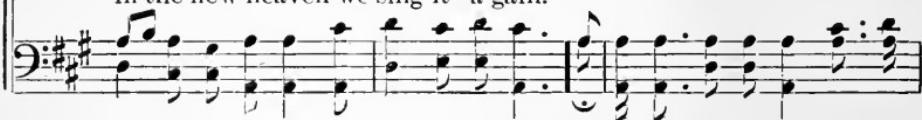
1. Come weep just as we did in sorrow for sin, Come knock till the Lord bid you
2. Come pray just as we did to live hour by hour, Above earth's temptations with
3. Come shout just as we did your "Glory to God!" Sing praises to Je-sus who



en - ter within; Come trusting, expect-ing, there's no other way, And
God's keeping pow'r; To kneel oft in pray-er is vic-t'ry be-gun, Thus
saves by His blood; The song of re-demption shall be our refrain Till



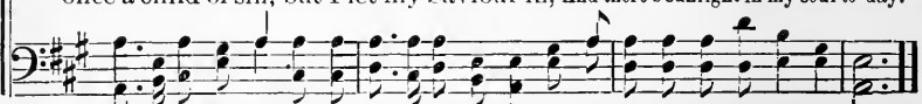
soon you will find it the gladsome new day.
wrestling with evil the crown will be won. I have it in my soul, hal-le-
in the new heaven we sing it a-gain.



lu-jah! I have found the Saviour precious all the way; I was
all the way;



once a child of sin, but I let my Saviour in, And there's sunlight in my soul to-day.



No. 251.

ALL TAKEN AWAY.

R. KELSO CARTER, except 1st verse.

A.



1. Did you hear what Jesus said to me? They're all taken a-way, away,
2. Oh, this wondrous grace so full and free; They're all taken a-way, away,
3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all taken a-way, away,
4. I have plunged beneath the crimson tide; They're all taken a-way, away,



Your sins are pardoned and you are free, They're all taken a - way.
 Tho' red like crimson, they're now as wool; They're all taken a - way.
 My sins like scar-let are white as snow; They're all taken a - way.
 And now by faith I am pu - ri - fied; They're all taken a - way.



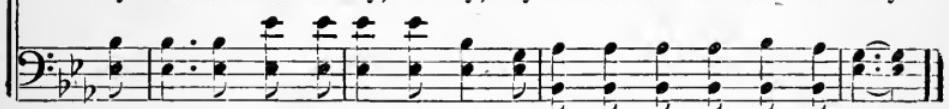
CHORUS



They're all tak-en a - way, a-way, They're all taken away, a-way,



They're all tak-en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a - way.



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- | | |
|--|--|
| 5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul,
They're all taken away, away;
And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
They're all taken away. | 7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
They're all taken away, away;
While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
They're all taken away. |
| 6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
They're all taken away, away;
And keeps me standing in liberty;
They're all taken away. | 8 And when in glory we meet above;
They're all taken away, away;
We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
They're all taken away. |

No. 252. IS NOT THIS THE LAND BEULAH.

Anon.

Arranged.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea - ry years,
 3. I am drinking at the foun - tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fond - est dreams;
 Oft-en hindered in my journeyn By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast-ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
 Bro - ken vows and disappointments Thick-ly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - don - ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—*Is not this the land of Beu - lah?* Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,

D. S. CHORUS.

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow's.
 But the Spir - it led, ui - err-ing, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich-er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom forev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

No. 253. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." W. L. T.
Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; Whenth the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de-

part - ed right and left. Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord. Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not." Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

No. 254.

JESUS SAVES ME.

G. R. STUART

ZOLLIE STUART.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
 2. This is the way I long have sought, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
 3. The King's highway of holiness, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
 4. My grief a burden long has been, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
 5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
 6. Nothing but sin have I to give; Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
 7. Then will I tell to sinners' round, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;

He whom I fix my hopes upon; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
 And mourned because I found it not; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
 Be-cause I was not saved from sin, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
 Shalt take me to Thee, as I am; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
 Nothing but love shall I receive, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
 What a dear Saviour I have found, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.

He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus saves me.
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

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No. 255. I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Tune "Sweet Bye and Bye."

- I am coming to Jesus for rest,
 Rest, such as the purified know;
 My soul is athirst to be blest,
 To be washed and made whiter than snow.
- CHO. I believe Jesus saves,
 And His blood washes whiter than snow,
 I believe Jesus saves,
 And His blood washes whiter than snow.
- 2 In coming, my soul I deplore,
 My weakness and poverty show;
 I long to be saved evermore,
 To be washed and made whiter than snow.
- 3 To Jesus I give up my all,
 Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;
 For His fullness of blessing I call,
 Till His blood washes whiter than snow.
- 4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
 Trusting now His salvation to know;
 And His blood doth so fully atone,
 I am washed and made whiter than snow.
- 5 My heart is in raptures of love,
 Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
 I am strengthened with might from above,
 I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

No. 256. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by S. B. GOULD.

Music by A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
sic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

REFRAIN.

ban - ners go!

char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to
can not fail.
an - gels sing.

war, With the cross of Je - sus go-ing on be-fore.

No. 257. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Why do you lin - ger in darkness so long? Je - sus is
2. Leave the broad road and the nar - row way choose, Je - sus is
3. Time will not lin - ger! how soon we must go! Je - sus is
4. Je - sus is call - ing, oh, come un - to me! Je - sus is
5. While we are pray - ing, oh, stay not a - way, Je - sus is

waiting to save; Have you not friends in the heavenly throng?
 waiting to save; An - gels are longing to tell the glad news,
 waiting to save; Why turn a-way, and to Je-sus say, no?
 waiting to save; Par - don is purchased, salvation is free,
 waiting to save; Come to him now, not a moment de - lay,

save you now;

CHORUS.

Je - sus is wait - ing to save; Come to him now,
 save you now;

come to him now, Je - sus is waiting to save; Come to
 save you now;

JESUS IS WAITING TO SAVE. Concluded.

Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is waiting to save.
save you now.

No. 258. COME, COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

A. D. FILLMORE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Rich mer - cy re - ceive;
2. Come, la - den and wea - ry, Christ calls thee to come;
3. Come, seek His sal - va - tion, Now hear and o - obey;
4. Hark! an - gels are sing - ing, Love, love is their theme;

Here you will find par-don, Je - sus from sin will re - lieve.
Leave paths dark and drea-ry, Cease from the Sav-iour to roam.
Hark! the sweet in-vi-ta - tion, An-gels in-vite you a - way.
Peace joy - ful - ly bring-ing, Mer-cy from God the Su - preme.

REFRAIN.

Come, come, come, come, Come to the Sav-iour and live;
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus will guide thee safe home;
Come, come, come, come, Sin - ner, be - lieve and o - bey,
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus is rich to re - deem.

Come, come, come, come, Come to the Sav-iour and live.
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus will guide thee safe home.
Come, come, come, come, Sin - ner, be - lieve and o - bey.
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus is rich to re - deem.

No. 259. WHERE IS MY SOUL TO-NIGHT?

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft have I heard a warning voice, That urged me to fly from sin;
3. Oft have I heard a ten-der voice, When troubled and care-oppressed,
4. Oft have I heard a grieved, sad voice, Entreating me o'er and o'er;

"Thy Saviour has loved, and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight Him so?"
 To open the door I long have closed, And welcome the Saviour in.
 And then like a weary child I sighed, In Jesus to find a rest.
 And if I re-fuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.

CHORUS.

But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to-night?
Last v. O Saviour, I yield, Saviour, I yield, Take Thou my soul to-night.

That voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, But where is my soul to-night?
 I now believe, and gladly receive Thy message of grace to-night.

No. 260. WALKING IN FAIR BEULAH LAND.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am hap - py in the Lord, I am trust-ing in His word, I am
2. Je - sus leads me, I am blest, In His love I sweet-ly rest, I am
3. In this land of rich sup-plies Bread is found that sat- is-fies, I am
4. Oh, this gar-den of de-lights, Oh, the joys up-on these heights, I am

walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land; Since my Saviour made me whole There is
 walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land; Yes, I love Him more and more, And my
 walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land; Hal - le - lu - jah, I am fed At the
 walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land; Bright-er grows the golden way, Lead-ing

D. S. In my heart's a joy - ful song, All the

glo - ry in my soul, I am walk-ing in fair Beu - lah land,
 cup is run-ning o'er, I am walk-ing in fair Beu - lah land,
 ta - ble rich - ly spread, I am walk-ing in fair Beu - lah land,
 on to end-less day, I am walk-ing in fair Beu - lah land,

shin - ing path a - long, I am walk-ing in fair Beu - lah land.

Walk - ing in fair Ben-lah land, I am walk - ing in fair Beulah land.
 Walking in fair Ben-lah land, I am walking in fair Beulah land.

No. 261. ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Take my life, and let it be
 2. Take my feet, and let them be
 3. Take my lips, and let them be
 4. Take my will, and make it thine,
 5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour

Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to thee;
 Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
 Filled with messages from thee;
 It shall be no long-er mine;
 At thy feet its treasure store;

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
 Take my self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

CHORUS.

{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
 Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy-ing flood; } Lord, I give to thee my

life and all, to be Thine, henceforth e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 262. CALLING THE PRODIGAL.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. { God is call-ing the prod - i - gal, come without de-lay, Hear, oh,
 { Tho' you've wander'd so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His
 2. { Pa - tient, lov-ing, and ten - der - ly still the Father pleads, Hear, oh,
 { Oh! re - turn while the Spir-it in mer - ey in - ter-cedes, Hear His
 3. { Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fat-her, and to spare, Hear, oh,
 { Lo! the ta - ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there, Hear His

hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee, } call-ing still.
lov - ing voice (*Omit.*) } for thee, calling still.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee, . . . Oh! wea - ry prodigal,
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, weary prodigal, come,

Call - - - ing now for thee,
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,

Oh, weary prodi-gal, come.
weary prodi-gal, come, wea-ry prodi-gal, come.

No. 263.

MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of his sav - ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.



No. 264. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

I. WATTS.
Spirited.

R. LOWRY.

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet accord, Joiu in a song with sweet accord,
chil-dren of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King,
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
march-ing thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.
Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi-on,

marching upward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,

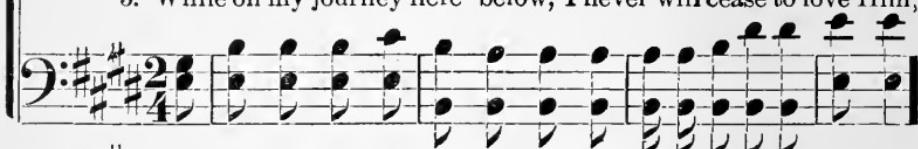
No. 265. I NEVER WILL CEASE TO LOVE HIM.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to love Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev'ry day, I never will cease to love Him;
3. Tho' all the world His love reject, I never will cease to love Him;
4. He saves me ev'ry day and hour, I never will cease to love Him;
5. While on my journey here below, I never will cease to love Him;



And for His grace so rich and free, I never will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I never will cease to love Him.

I could not such a Friend deject, I never will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I never will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I never will cease to love Him.



CHORUS.



I never will cease to love Him, my Saviour, my Saviour;
I never will cease to love Him, He's my Saviour, He's my Saviour;



I never will cease to love Him. He's done so much for me.
I never will cease to love Him, For He's done so much for me.



No. 266.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time with a key signature of four flats. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. God be with you till we meet again ; By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. It features eighth and sixteenth note patterns across both treble and bass staves.

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. It features eighth and sixteenth note patterns across both treble and bass staves.

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet agáin.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. It features eighth and sixteenth note patterns across both treble and bass staves.

CHORUS.

A continuation of the musical score, featuring a melodic line primarily in the treble clef staff. The key signature changes to one flat, and the time signature changes to 2/4 for this section.

Till we meet, . . . Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. It features eighth and sixteenth note patterns across both treble and bass staves.

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. It features eighth and sixteenth note patterns across both treble and bass staves.

Till we meet, . . . Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

A continuation of the musical score, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. It features eighth and sixteenth note patterns across both treble and bass staves.

No. 267. SPREAD THE TIDINGS.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. Arr.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Spread the tidings all abroad, Je-sus lives, Je-sus lives;
 2. Let the na-tions now rejoice, Je-sus lives, Je-sus lives;

He lives, He lives, Jesus lives, Jesus lives;

Glory, glo-ry be to God, Jesus lives, Jesus lives.
 Praise Him with a joyful voice, Jesus lives, Jesus lives.

He lives, He lives, Jesus lives, Jesus lives.

In the cold grave, where He lay, Come and see, come and
 Heaven's gates are open wide, Opened wide, o-pened

Come and see, oh, come and see, oh,
 Opened wide, the gates, the gates are

see, Angels sit in bright ar-ray, Come and see, come and
 wide, We shall en-ter glo-ri-fied, Glo-ri-fied, glo-ri-
 come and see, Come and see, oh, come, oh, come and
 opened wide, Glo-ri-fied, shall en-ter glo-ri-

see. Spread the ti-dings all a-broad, Je-sus lives, Je-sus
 fied. Let the na-tions now rejoice, Je-sus lives, Je-sus
 see, Helives, He lives, Jesus lives,
 fied.

SPREAD THE TIDINGS. Concluded.

lives; Glory, glo-ry be to God, Jesus lives, Je-sus lives.
 lives; Praise Him with a joyful voice, Jesus lives, Je-sus lives.
 Jesus lives; He lives, He lives, Jesus lives, Jesus lives.

No. 268. THE SAVIOUR WITH ME.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

DUET.

JNO. R. SWENY.

1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk a-lone,
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Saviour with me In the onward march of life,
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And His eye the way must guide,

I must feel His pres-ence near me, And His arm around me thrown.
 He can whisper words of com - fort That no oth - er voice can speak.
 Thro' the tempest and the sun-shine, Thro' the bat-tle and the strife.
 Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan, Till I cross the roll-ing tide.

CHORUS.

Then my soul . . . shall fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He
 Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He

will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
 will, where He will, I will go

No. 269. Shall I Meet My Sainted Mother.

The writer of these words in childhood promised his dying mother that he would meet her in heaven. Forgetful of his promise, he on reaching manhood became an infidel. The stirring words of Evangelist "Schivereau" brought to mind the long forgotten teaching of that Christian mother, and casting aside his infidelity he accepted Christ as his Saviour.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. Shall I meet my sainted moth-er, In her home be-yond the skies ?
2. When the bells of heaven ringing, Wake the an-gel's song a - gain,
3. All the years of sin and sor-row, That I've suffered since she died,



Will I see the love-light beaming, From her tender lov - ing eyes ?
For the wan-der - er re-turn-ing From the paths of sin and pain,
Will be van-ished on that morrow, When I stand by moth-er's side,



Will she know me when I meet her, For I'm changed so sadly now ?
Will my mother there be wait-ing, Wait-ing with her look so mild ?
Stand **with her** before the Saviour, There among the blood-washed throng,



Will she see her fair-haired darling In this old and wrinkled brow ?
Will she press me to her bo - som, As she did when but a child ?
Join-ing in the heav'ly rap-ture Of the glad re-demp-tion song.



No. 270.

SPEAK GENTLY.

If thou "lovest thy neighbor as thyself,"
 Engrave this charge upon the tablet of thy heart.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Speak gen tly to the err-ing one: Ye know not of the power With
 2. Think gen-tly of the err-ing one: O do not thou for - get, How
 4. Speak gen-tly to the err-ing one: Thou yet may'st lead him back, With

which the dark temptation came In some unguarded hour. Ye may not
 ev - er dark-ly stained by sin, He is your brother yet! Heir of the
 ho - ly words and tones of love, From misery's thorny track. For-get not

know how earnest- ly He struggled, or how well, Un - til the hour of
 self-same her - it-age, Child of the self-same God, He hath but stumbled
 thou hast often sinned, And siu-ful yet may be: Deal gently with the

CHORUS.

weakness came, And sad-ly thus he fell.
 in the path Thou hast in weakness trod. Sunshine, sunshine! Scatter it

err-ing one, As God hath dealt with thee.

day by day! Any where and everywhere—yes, Scatter it all the way.

No. 271.

THE FOUNTAIN.

ZECH. 13 : 1.
To our Friend and Brother, Rev. Ernest Robinson.

Rev. LEONIDAS ROBINSON.

EDW. S. FOGG

1. There is a fountain flow - ing free, With bright and crim-son sheen; 'Twas opened
 2. On Calvary's brow the Saviour bled, For you His life He gave; He bore the
 3. Come, sinner, come, your sins confess, And let this fountain roll; With cleansing
 4. I come, O Lord, with con-trite heart, I all my sins for-sake; I plead Thy

The first 8 measures, or Bass Solo may be omitted if desired

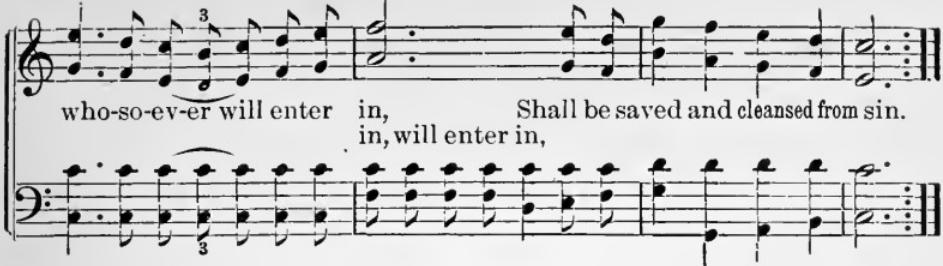
CHORUS

in King David's time, To save and cleanse from sin.
 sins of all the world, And from all sins doth save. This fountain opened in David's
 pow'r the crim-son tide Will wash and make you whole.
 promise, trust Thy word, I now my Saviour take.

time, in Dav-id's time, Flows for all mankind, for all mankind, Who-so - ev-er will en-ter
 time, Still And
 in, will enter in, saved and cleansed from sin, and cleansed from sin. This fountain
 in, Shall be sin.

opened in David's time, Still flows for all mankind, And
 time, in David's time, kind, for all mankind,

THE FOUNTAIN. Concluded.



No. 272.

FOR ME.

SHERWARD BEATLY.

Con express.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. This day, my own dear Lord, I free - ly give to Thee,
2. I do not ask to choose The path in which Thou leadest me;
3. Dear Saviour, what have I to bring, But broken vows as Thou dost see?
4. Thy precious blood will take me in, Thy saving pow'r will keep from sin;
5. Cause me to rest within Thy love, That I may all its fullness prove;
6. In this blessed at - ti - tude divyne, I yield just now all that is mine;

My self, my work, my all to be, What is Thy highest thought for me.
Content with resting in Thy love, To know Thy will always for me.
And yet I come a-gain to Thee, With this my plea, Thou lovest me.
Thy life now man-i - fest with-in, To me Thine own dear needy child.
In all my dai - ly toil for Thee, Cause me to know Thy will, for me.
With ev'ry right of self re-sign, In exchange take what's Thine, for me.

REFRAIN.

For me, dear Lord, Thy Son did die, For me He's pleading there on

high; For me He's coming by and by, For me, for me, for me.

No. 273. Some Mother's Child.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

TENOR and ALTO. With expression.

1. At home or a - way, in the al - ley or street, Where-
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose
3. No mat - ter how deep he is sunken in sin, No
4. That head hath been pil - lowed on ten-der-est breast, That

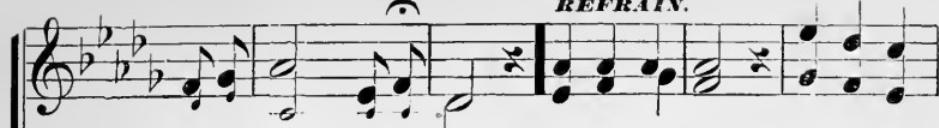
ev - er I chance in this wide world to meet A girl that is hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold, Be it woman matter how much he is shunned by his kin, No mat - ter form hath been wept o'er, those lips bave been pressed, That soul hath

thoughtless, or a boy that is wild, My heart echoes softly, all fall-en, or man all de-filed, A voice whispers sadly, how low is his standard of joy, Though guilty and loathesome, been prayed for in tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gently

"It is some mother's child," My heart echoes soft - ly,
"It is some mother's child," A voice whispers sad - ly,
he is some mother's boy, Though guil - ty and loathesome,
with some mother's child, For her sake deal gent - ly

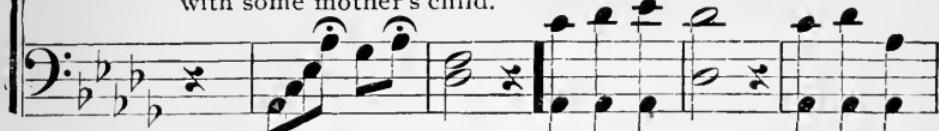
Some Mother's Child. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

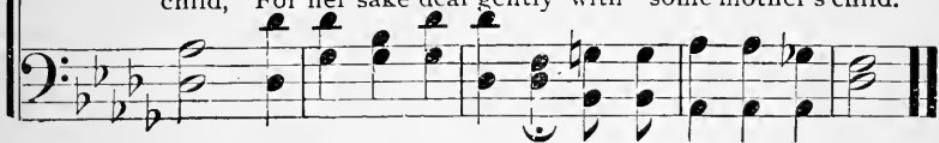


"It is some mother's child."

"It is some mother's child." Some mother's child, some mother's
he is some mother's boy.
with some mother's child.



child, My heart echoes soft - ly, "It is some mother's child."
child, A voice whispers sad - ly, "It is some mother's child."
boy, Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.
child, For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.



No. 274. Look on the Cross.

Fine.



1. { Be-hold! behold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross;
For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the } cross.
D. C. Draw near and see your Savior die, On the cross, on the cross.



Now hear his ag - o-niz-ing cry, "E - loi - la-ma sa-bac-tha - ni."

2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.

To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

INDEX.

No.		No.	
abiding and Confiding.....	168	Down at the Cross.....	232
Again we Have Come.....	235	Down at the Saviour's feet.....	139
Ah, Many Hearts are Aching.....	27	Down in the Licensed Saloon.....	243
Alas, and did my Saviour Bleed.....	86	Do you Fear the Foe?.....	198
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.....	112	Do you Hear the voice?.....	44
All Things are Ready.....	55		
All taken Away.....	251		
All the World for Jesus.....	186	Enough for Me.....	95
All praise to Him.....	238	Entire Consecration.....	261
A little Talk with Jesus.....	41	Ever be Faithful.....	3
A little Child is Kneeling.....	155	Every Hour I need Thy Blessing.....	226
Am I a Soldier of the Cross?.....	103		
Amazing Grace.....	146	Farther On.....	46
America.....	125	Father, I Stretch my Hands to Thee.....	201
Antioch.....	117	Fear not Thou Careworn One.....	160
And must I be to Judgment Brought?.....	109	Fill me Now.....	24
Anywhere He wants me.....	220	For all the Lord has Done for Me.....	265
A Mother's Psa.....	189	For God and Home and Native Land.....	211
Are you Watching?.....	43	For Me.....	272
Are you Walking with the Lord?.....	111	Forward Leaguers.....	231
Arise, my Soul.....	121	From Egypt's Cruel Bondage.....	221
At the Cross.....	86	From that Dear Cross.....	178
At the Fountain.....	81	Full Salvation.....	199
Autumn.....	134		
Beautiful Beckoning Hands.....	175	Gentle Shepherd, Keep us in Thy Fold.....	20
Beautiful Pool.....	188	Glory to God, I am at the Fountain.....	81
Beyond the Grave.....	124	Glory to His Name.....	232
Blessed Assurance.....	48	Glory to Jesus.....	90
Blessed be the Name.....	238	Glorious Fountain.....	239
Blessed be the Tie.....	50	God be With You.....	266
Blow ye the Trumpet.....	122	God is Calling.....	262
Brave Little Soldiers.....	70	Going Home.....	149
Brighter and Brighter.....	15	Go Wash in That Beautiful Pool.....	188
Bringing in the Sheaves.....	184	Go Ye into all the World.....	171
Bring Them in.....	218	Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.....	115
Brother, Hear the Invitation.....	191	Guide	127
Calvary's Stream is Flowing.....	178	Hallelujah.....	52
Calvary.....	179	Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.....	64
Calling the Prodigal.....	262	Hark, the Master Calls for Reapers.....	92
Can a Boy Forget his Mother?.....	242	Hark, the voice, Jesus crying.....	137
Children's Song.....	69	Hark, 'tis the Shepherd's Voice I Hear.....	218
Christ is All.....	104	Have you Ever Heard the Story?.....	172
Christ our Redeemer.....	72	Have you on the Wedding Garment?.....	11
City of Gold.....	36	He Came to Save me.....	62
Come to the Feast.....	55	Heaven in the Heart.....	246
Come, Holy Spirit.....	144	Healed Pinion.....	17
Come, Every Soul.....	217	Hear the Gentle Spirit's Call.....	88
Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.....	74	He is Able to Deliver Thee.....	222
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.....	247	He Maketh the Storm a Calm.....	35
Come to the Saviour (Second No. 90).....	90	He Saves.....	17
Come, come to the Saviour.....	258	He Waits for Thee.....	
Come, Weep just as we Did.....	250	His Yoke is Easy.....	60
Come, ye Sinners.....	248	Holy Ghost with Light Divine.....	116
Come, ye Epworth Band.....	231	Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.....	130
Convert's Praises.....	96	Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit.....	24
Coronation.....	112	How I Love Jesus.....	68
Dark and Stormy is the Desert.....	46	How Firm a Foundation.....	205
Dare to be a Paul.....	98	How I Love Thee.....	148
Dear Friend, if to-night, midst.....	189	How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.....	131
Deliverance will Come.....	154	I Heard my Loving Saviour Say.....	165
Diamonds in the Rough.....	27	I am Coming to the Cross.....	188
Did you Hear What Jesus said to me?.....	251	I am Coming to Jesus for Rest.....	255
Don't you Want to be There?.....	166	I am Dwelling on the Mountain.....	252
Down at Calvary's Fountain.....	16	I am Going to a City.....	63
		I am Happy in the Lord.....	260
		I am Glad I ever Heard the Blessed.....	139

No.	No.
I am Resolved to Linger no Longer.....	23
I am the Lord's.....	194
I am now a Child of God.....	29
I am the Vine.....	195
I am Satisfied.....	208
I believe Jesus Saves.....	255
I can Join the Convert's Praises.....	96
I Could not do Without Thee.....	83
I do Believe.....	201
I Dreamed that the Great Judgment.....	4
I Entered once a Home of Care.....	104
If we knew when Walking Thoughtless.....	236
If you Want Pardon.....	90
I gave my Life for Thee.....	240
I Have Been to Jesus.....	58
I have it in my Soul.....	250
I Have Been Saved from the Power.....	31
I Have Learned the Wondrous Secret.....	168
I Have Seen a Mother Weeping.....	234
I Have Heard my Saviour Calling.....	181
I Have Something Jesus gave me.....	80
I Have Work Enough to do.....	30
I Hear the Saviour say.....	233
I Know not why God's Wondrous.....	21
I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord.....	237
I Know my Name is There.....	91
I Learned the Precious Secret.....	167
I'll be There to Vote.....	211
I'll go With Him.....	181
I'm Believing and Receiving.....	147
I'm Going Home.....	152
I'm Redeemed and Washed from Sin.....	16
I'm Satisfied with Jesus here.....	180
In a World Where Sorrow ever will.....	7
In the Awful Age of Night.....	67
In the Days Long Gone by.....	124
In the Resurrection Morning.....	176
I now am Running in the Christian's.....	87
I now Have the Spirit.....	52
I Never-will Cease to Love Him.....	265
I Only Know it Reaches me.....	21
I Saw a Happy Pilgrim.....	154
I Stand all Bewildered with Wonder.....	156
I Stood Outside the Gate.....	6
Is not This the Land of Beulah?.....	252
It Reaches me.....	21
It was Only a Drunkard.....	10
I've Been Washed in the Blood.....	58
I've Found the Pearl of Greatest Price.....	180
I Want to be a Worker for the Lord.....	244
I will Shout His Praise in Glory.....	18
 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot me.....	66
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry.....	19
Jesus Saves me.....	254
Jesus, the Light of the World.....	64
Jesus is Pleading for Thee.....	88
Jesus Commands us to Forgive.....	145
Jesus Lives.....	185
Jesus Will Save.....	191
Jesus is Willing and Able to Save.....	192
Jesus is Calling (Second No. 90).....	90
Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken.....	213
Jesus is Waiting to Save.....	257
Jesus, Lover of my Soul.....	214
Jesus, my All, to Heaven is Gone.....	254
Jesus Paid it all.....	233
Joy to the World.....	120
Just as I Am.....	140
Just the Same To-day.....	172
 Keep Close to Jesus.....	71
Keep us in Thy Fold.....	20
Knowing.....	169
 Land Ahead.....	37
Lead me, Saviour, Lest I Stray.....	225
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.....	162
Leave it to Him.....	34
 Lenox.....	118
Let the Sunshine in	198
Life's Railway to Heaven.....	200
Lift me Higher.....	170
Linger no Longer.....	23
Little Soldiers.....	70
Little Hands to Work.....	69
Look not Far Away, my Brother.....	246
Lord, I am Thine.....	141
Lord, Revive us.....	247
Lost, Lost on the Mountains.....	99
Lost After all.....	155
Love Divine.....	142
Love Found me.....	2
Look on the Cross.....	274
Marching to Victory	13
Marching to the Land Above.....	40
Martyn.....	215
Mighty Army of the Young.....	185
More About Jesus.....	268
Moving Toward the City.....	42
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?.....	143
My Country, 'tis of Thee.....	129
My Faith Looks up to Thee.....	128
My Feet are on the Highway.....	82
My Heavenly Home.....	152
My Hope is Built on Nothing Less.....	209
My Mother's Bible.....	75
My Mother's Hands.....	245
My Name is in the Book of Life.....	91
 Naught Have I to Make my Plea.....	187
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	161
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.....	228
 Oh, Blessed Fellowship Divine.....	108
Oh, do not Let the Word Depart.....	216
Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.....	100
Oh, for a Heart to Praise my God.....	102
Oh, for a Faith.....	132
Oh, for a Closer Walk with God.....	133
Oh, Fainting Soul by Sin Oppressed.....	224
Oh, Glorious Fountain.....	239
Oh, How I Love Jesus.....	68
Oh, Love, Surpassing Knowledge.....	95
Oh, Land of Rest, for Thee I Sigh.....	157
Oh, let the Currents ...	22
Oh, Who can Forget the Kind Care?.....	97
Oh, Mourner in Zion.....	203
Oh, so Often we are Weary.....	173
Oh, Thou God of my Salvation.....	174
Oh, Those Beautiful, Beautiful Hands.....	245
Old-time Power.....	1
Old-time Religion.....	182
One Narrow Way.....	85
Once for All.....	54
Once I Wandered.....	219
Once I Wished.....	169
Only a Drunkard.....	10
On the Hills Beyond.....	53
Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	256
Ortonville	126
Over Sin's Mountain.....	164
 Pleyel's Hymn.....	114
Praise Him, Hallelujah.....	167
Praise His Name.....	165
Praise for her Boy	97
Precious Jesus, How I Love Thee.....	148
Precious is the Blood.....	187
Precious Saviour, Thou Hast Saved me.....	199
Room at the Fountain.....	165
Rally Round the Cross.....	235
Rejoice, Little Ones	49
Rescue the Perishing.....	227
Revive Thy Work.....	163
Revive us Again	153
Rock of Ages	138
Rockingham	119

No.	No.		
Safe Within the Vail.....	37	The Spirit is Calling.....	190
Salvation, Oh, the Joyful Sound.....	101	There's Sunshine in the Soul.....	207
Saul's Journey to Damascus.....	45	Throw out the Life-line.....	93
Satisfied With Jesus.....	208	Though Dark the Night.....	41
Saviour, Hear me.....	202	'Tis the Grandest Theme.....	222
Saviour, Lead me, Lest I Stray.....	225	'Tis the Old time Religion.....	182
Saviour, Wash me in the Blood.....	249	Toplady.....	135
Say, Where are you Going, my Brother?	8	Toiling Now, Resting Then.....	30
Scatter Sunshine.....	7	To the Cross.....	39
Scattering Precious Seed.....	61	Trust ou.....	47
See the Lonely Prisoner.....	98	'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy.....	234
See, Jesus, Thy Disciples, see.....	110		
Shall I Meet my Sainted Mother?	269	Unanswered Yet.....	12
Shall I Turn Back?	99	Uusurl the Temperance Banner.....	107
Shall we Gather at the River?	25	Upon the Great Highway.....	5
Sinners, Turn, why Will ye Die?	79		
Sins of Years are Washed Away.....	147		
Since to my heart Jesus Came.....	31		
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.....	158		
Something Jesus Gave me.....	80	Walking in Fair Beulah Land.....	260
Sometime, Somewhere.....	12	Wait on the Lord.....	51
Sowing in the Morning.....	184	Wait a Little While.....	177
Sowing the Tares.....	59	Waiting for His Coming.....	173
Speak Gently to the Erring One.....	270	Wash me in the Blood.....	249
Speak Just a Word.....	73	Weary, Heavy-laden, Come.....	224
Spread the Tidings.....	267	We are Marching to Zion.....	264
Standing on the Promises.....	223	We are Moving Toward the City.....	42
Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.....	105	We are Floating Down the Stream.....	78
Steer Straight to the Light House.....	8	Wedding Garment.....	11
Step in the Life-boat.....	89	We have met To-day.....	84
Step Out on the Promise.....	203	We'll Walk in the Light.....	64
Sunshine in the Soul.....	207	We'll Work till Jesus Comes.....	157
Sweeping Through the Gates.....	29	We Praise Thee, O God.....	153
Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	204	We're on the Way.....	221
Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love.....	241	We're Marching to the Land Above.....	40
Some Mother's Child.....	273	We Shall Run and not be Weary.....	87
Take Me as I Am.....	19	What Will it Matter Bye and Bye?	26
Take My Life and Let it Be.....	261	What a Friend we Have in Jesus?	76
The Coming Day.....	109	What a Fellowship?	162
The Dispensation Day.....	67	What can Wash Away my Sins?	228
The Fountain.....	271	When I Get to the End of the Way.....	28
The Gospel Feast.....	74	When I see the Bood.....	72
The Gates of Light Shall Open.....	160	When Out in Sin and Darkness Lost.....	2
The Half has Never yet Been Told	237	When the Lord Shall Call.....	56
The Judgment.....	4	When the People of God Were.....	45
The Life-boat.....	78	When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.....	196
The Life-boat is Launched.....	89	When you Start for the Land.....	71
The Loyal Army	113	When Jesus laid His Crown Aside.....	62
The Light of the Word Shines Brighter.....	15	Where He Leads me I Will Follow.....	181
The Last Chance.....	44	Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?	243
The Masters Calls for Reapers.....	92	Where is my Soul To-night?	259
The Music of His Name	94	While Life Prolongs This Precious.....	123
The Morning Light is Breaking	106	Whiter Than Snow.....	49
The New Camp Ground.....	84	Why do you Linger in Darkness?	257
The New Song.....	177	Why go Around With Troubled Soul?	34
The Penitent's Plea.....	202	Why I Love Jesus.....	57
The Resurrection	176	Why not To-night?	216
There is a Great Day Coming.....	253	Why Stand ye Idle?	32
There is a Fountain Flowing Free.....	271	Who can Sing the Wondrous Song?	94
There's a Hill, Lone and Gray.....	179	Who may Come?	197
There's a Time That is Coming.....	210		
There's a Song of a Broken Piunion.....	17		
There's a City That Looks.....	36		
There's a Dear and Precious Book.....	75		
There is a Fountain.....	188, 229, 239, 249		
There's an Open Fountain at the Cross.	33		
The Saviour With me.....	268		
The Sands Have Been Washed in the....	28		
The Saviour is the Sinner's Friend	65		
The Solid Rock.....	209		
		You Ask What Makes me Happy.....	18

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